

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

IF newspaper reports are to be believed—unfortunately, or rather fortunately, they often cannot be relied on—the financial failure of the Paris Exposition has stirred up the mud of Anglophobia in France to an alarming extent, and the always fervid Parisians are hissing such choice phrases as “*Conspuez les Anglais!*” “*A bas les Anglais!*” with unwonted gusto. A text is thus furnished to English newspapers—not all of the half-penny dreadful class—for ominous discussions and predictions which may or may not prove to have been alarmist and unnecessary. People have heard the cry of “*wolf!*” so often that they will not now be easily persuaded the brute is at their doors. Everyone has been willing to discuss such an eventuality as a European war between first-class powers, but no one, except fire-eaters, has seriously taken stock in the possibility of the peace of civilization being lightly and wantonly broken. That marvellous modern growth—international finance and commerce—seemed to stand between the nations and every possible battle-ground. But so many surprising things have happened in the past four or five years, and everyone has become so accustomed to the story of the minor conflicts in every quarter of the globe, that people are commencing to ask themselves whether the greatest surprise of all may not be getting within the range of possibility. One lesson seems to stand out from all this back-talk between France and Great Britain, and it is that courtesy costs nothing, but the absence of it may cost a great deal. The people of France and of England have never understood each other too well, but the present state of feeling between the two neighbors can be traced back to discourtesy on both sides that was wholly unnecessary and without excuse, and that would never have been indulged in had people learned to mind their own business. The Fashoda incident was responsible, perhaps, for the opening of the rift, but there is little doubt in my mind that the gratuitous interference of British newspapers in the Dreyfus affair and the hard things said at that time about everything French served to immeasurably widen the breach. Whatever the merits or demerits of Dreyfus and his opponents may have been, there is no doubt that the whole matter was one for France to deal with, and the way in which the press and public of other countries kept jabbing their fingers into the pie was discourteous and impertinent in the extreme. If Englishmen, on that occasion, said and did things that should have remained unsaid and undone, the people of France have been equally reprehensible in connection with the South African trouble. They were entitled to form their own opinions of the issue, but they had no license to abuse Britons in general and to caricature and insult the British sovereign and royal family. In doing so they showed not only poor taste, but wretched business instinct, and they are now paying for their folly.

Of course, we cannot hold all Frenchmen, or even the majority of Frenchmen, responsible for the extravagant language of a few fire-eaters and irresponsibles who doubtless had a purely political end to serve, any more than France should hold all Britons in abhorrence because of the inflammatory language and uncalled-for actions of a minority of people regarding the Dreyfus trial. But this is one of the many instances where the few create burdens which all must carry. One thing has led to another, and the end is that something like an English boycott of the Fair has taken place—or at least what is construed in France as such, though we must not forget that the people of the British Isles have abstained from going to Paris probably to a great extent on account of the bereavements and interests of a war that has touched thousands of homes, as well as on account of aversion to France. It all goes to show how easy it is to start a quarrel and how one thing leads to another between nations, as between individuals, until what was a little rift within the lute puts an end to all the music and makes the repairing of the instrument a delicate and difficult matter.

I do not believe that two peoples so intelligent and so eager for commercial gain as those of France and England can be easily driven at each other's throats by the inflammatory balderdash of political bunco-steerers on either side of the channel. The ill-feeling between the two nations is unpleasant and even dangerous, but we must not forget that there are interests co-extensive with the human race to be consulted by both parties, and that no two countries of the importance of France and England can mix it up at this day without involving others that may have something to say before the fight is allowed to proceed. The Chinese affair will keep the European governments busy, in all probability, for some time to come, and as it has been demonstrated that the partition of the Celestial Empire is not likely to be a dividend-paying enterprise, there is every incentive for the powers to continue to work in harmony until that proposition is disposed of. In the meantime whatever hatred exists between the populace of beautiful France and that of merry England will have a chance to simmer down and evaporate.

THE soldiers must be glad to get back to their Canadian homes under any circumstances, but the thrill of home-coming is undoubtedly more pronounced in the presence of such a spontaneous welcome as that accorded to the youthful veterans who returned to their old haunts in Toronto this week. This welcome was quite as demonstrative and thorough as the send-off last October, and proves that the wave of sentiment that swept Canada into line with the Mother Country and the outlying portions of the Empire when war was declared, has not subsided. Of course curiosity to see someone who has really been in the war plays its part in drawing people out, but fifteen thousand persons do not assemble in a street to applaud an individual soldier out of mere curiosity. I have always thought there was some danger of magnifying the services of the man of war at the expense of the man of peace, who may be quite as much a patriot and perform just as heroic work for his country. The impression left on the young who have witnessed the demonstrations of this week will undoubtedly be that the only way a man can become a hero and win the plaudits of the crowd is by shouldering a gun and donning a suit of khaki. The soldier performs at times a necessary and useful work for the world, but the business of life is not soldiering, and war must be only an incident in the world's progress. The business of life is to make more room for mankind, not to lay waste what room there is—to bring forth life more abundantly, not to destroy life. These are platitudes, but they need to be repeated, and it is the duty of the press, the school and the church—every teaching agency in fact—to see that the partial lesson the young may be gathering from current events, is not mistaken for the whole truth. Having sent representatives of our country to do what we deemed a necessary and worthy work in a distant land, it is only right that they should be received back with honor, after having done their duty to our full satisfaction. We can all sympathize with the joy of the young men at being once again amidst loved ones and familiar scenes. We can sympathize deeply with fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts and brothers, who, after months of anxiety and silent prayerfulness, have the bliss of receiving their idols back to their hearts. We cannot bestow too much tenderness on either those who have fought or those who have simply watched and waited.

But we can see to it that Canada does not become a hot-bed of young fire-eaters and swashbucklers, glorifying militarism and giving to military heroes the place in popular esteem that belongs to all men who toil faithfully and are true to themselves and others.

IN any dozen of men a “*kicker*” can always be found, and, as kicking is contagious, the larger the body of men the greater is the proportion of kickers. It need not surprise anyone, therefore, that amongst the returned soldiers there are one or two who have disagreeable things to say about their officers. It would be much more surprising if there were no “*kicks*” coming after such an unusual experience as that of young men who went away from democratic communities, and from work where they were personally known to their superiors and equals, to become units in a great mass drawn together from the ends of the earth. I am not suggesting that there is no ground for the veiled charges alleged to have been made by certain of the returned soldiers, but if there is a little kicking by a few individuals the matter should not be taken too seriously. Col. Otter has never borne the reputation of a martinet,

policemen; there are more which would prevent us from being detectives; there are still more which would prevent us from engaging with a belligerent force as a spy. Yet when we consider that all these things are absolutely necessary to the public safety we find ourselves very illogically situated when we object to a man or a woman trying to find out what the enemy is doing. We, of course, have to define “*the enemy*” for ourselves, and it seems to me hard that the most devout of all patriots are often discovered in the act of spying out the country and the movements of troops, and are summarily and disgracefully shot. No doubt it is quite right that this should be the law of war, but it seems that as the thing works out the best are often killed in this disgraceful manner while the worst survive. Why a man should have immunity from a sudden and disgraceful death who spots the khaki uniform and kills the wearer of it, while the more intellectual man who becomes the emissary of the opposing force, should, if detected, be the subject of a drum-head court-martial and sudden death, I cannot see. It appears that in war those who use their brains against you are more responsible than those who only use their ability to shoot.



SISTERS.

and it is hardly a graceful thing for any member of his command to make anonymous charges against him while he is still many thousands of miles away, in the performance of duties which are not likely to end for some considerable time. Neither should newspapers publish damaging statements regarding Col. Otter's treatment of his men, on the irresponsible evidence of those who will not back up their allegations with their names. If the young men who went out to South Africa were badly used by superiors, their friends and the public will demand to know the truth. In Canada there can be no shielding the incompetence or cruelty of officers on the ground that they are of a different social caste from the private soldier. Nor ought there to be a campaign of slander against officers who are not in a position to reply. The facts up to date are, that the public have not been given the names of the young men who are alleged to have poured their tale of woe into the confiding ear of the “*World*,” while the majority of the returned soldiers speak with affection of all their officers and particularly resent the anonymous charges against Col. Otter.

ON a local contemporary I read a very interesting article with regard to the Spy in time of war. It must be admitted that to be a first-class spy one must have the highest type of intellectuality and the lowest type of morals. While this is true, I think in the history of every war it will be found that the spy is usually a fanatical patriot. When the world is wound up, fanaticism may be found to be an ugly or perhaps beautiful thing; we cannot tell. We have so little of it that is combined with intellectuality that we can hardly judge of people who have been distinguished for trying to do great things for their country on their own hook.

The spy who is a hireling is a miserable being, yet the world could not live without the spy, without the detective, without the person who for so much per day will be all things to all men. It is a business, distasteful to many of us, perhaps, and yet not a business which we would refuse to connect ourselves with if we found some discovery necessary. There are ethical reasons for an objection to be

The whole education and environments of mankind are opposed to the spy idea, yet the spy is generally the most devout and self-sacrificing person of his racial or religious sect. That he should always be treated so cruelly while the sniper, the sharpshooter, and the ones who lure men to their destruction are considered proper belligerents, has always puzzled me. The men and women who have been the most notorious spies in the wars of history have been those who took up their work with their hearts in it because no one else would undertake it.

The spy is a character which we cannot possibly like, but the motives which lead a man or a woman to undertake to spy are ones which we should study. If it is purely for gain that the man or woman undertakes the task of being false to everybody, we cannot regret their fate when discovered, and that fate is always death. When they undertake such a dangerous and unlovely task for patriotism, we ought to think differently of them, but it is probably impossible to separate the two classes or to influence the martial law which declares that to be a discovered spy means death, but in other walks of life there are spies who are not subject to the death penalty. The people who peek in and tell what they see are numerous and dangerous. Spying is not confined to war, and we should arrange some settled fate for those who find out things which they should not know and declare them to the public. There is no rule of society or war which covers the improper conduct of those who find out and publish the shortcomings of humanity. The shortcomings of humanity are numerous. Humanity will have to be reconstructed before these shortcomings are less numerous. The conduct, however, of those who are always anxious to display their own virtue by advertising the misdemeanors of others, should be judged on the spy basis. People are not generally inclined to be good, and sometimes they are inclined to be very bad, but the spy who gives the whole thing away is generally the one who is not paying any of the price and can afford to be good at other people's expense. What I am trying to get at is that the spy is a despicable person when acting for pay or spying for revenge. The most unclean thing in

the spy class is not the one that is shot in war, but the one who is apt to be made a social favorite in time of peace.

A PROSPECTIVE candidate for the House of Commons, in justifying his career in Parliament and asking his constituents to return him a second time, summed up what he thought would commend him to the electors in these words: “*In the first session of the present Parliament, I spoke six times, in 1898 twelve times, in 1899 nineteen times, in 1900 fourteen times.*” Such an appeal throws an interesting sidelight on what the constituencies expect of the men they send to Ottawa. If it were not considered a virtue, or at least a mark of ability, for a member of Parliament to have made nineteen speeches rather than only six, this candidate would not have thought of reminding the electors of such a fact. The truth is that members of Parliament are not solely to blame for the long debates and numerous speeches that are becoming more and more a feature of the Canadian House of Commons. A constituency expects its representative to air his views, and it is unfortunately true that a man's influence in the House is estimated as a general rule by the number of times his name has appeared in Hansard or in the newspaper reports of proceedings. Anyone who is acquainted with the way in which parliamentary business is carried on, does not require to be told that no estimate at all is furnished by such a means, of a member's ability or of his influence upon legislation and policy. Yet the average constituency, if it chance to have a representative who seldom addresses Mr. Speaker, comes to the conclusion that he is a man of no weight, no ability, a mere voting machine, who is without ideas, and the people who elected so miserable a poltroon feel that their dignity and reputation have suffered thereby. It is not surprising, therefore, that a member should turn with pride to a numerical record of his speeches as showing that he has justified the choice of his constituents. The standard of the electors is wrong or this could not be the case. The party leaders are compelled to speak often and sometimes at great length, but of the private member it may be said that his usefulness, as a general rule, is in an inverse ratio to the number and length of his speeches. The weakest men in the present House are those who have spoken on every subject whether they had anything to say or not. Many of the very brightest men are scarcely ever heard. They get in their work in committee, and on the rare occasions when they have a few remarks to make to the House their words carry weight.

TALKING about fools, probably the most voluble and influential of our advisers are our fool friends, who, offhand, tell us exactly what to do and what to leave undone. If we take their advice we are ruined. The best friend and the best adviser is the man who has little to say, and the benefit we get from associating with him is that we imitate him rather than take his advice.

Probably the man who suffers most from his fool friends is the politician, for he, dependent on public sentiment, is always willing to listen to the man who has a great deal to say. The cold, clammy business man, after all, is the one whose advice is best worth asking and following. Those who look to him for instruction as to how to act should always bear in mind, however, that he has ends of his own to serve. Advice, however, from a man of that sort is better than that which comes from a man who has nothing to gain. Personal profit is the chief end of every business man's life, but that personal profit cannot be arrived at, as a rule, by the destruction of other men's ambitions and interests, and such a man is generally worth listening to.

In social matters the fool friend is always with us. If the fool-killer would only come and get him we would be glad. He is always advising extravagant things, helping us along in his inimitable way to do the fool things that we should not do. It seems impossible to eliminate from the life of mankind, which is sufficiently difficult, the joyous ass who always tells us to do the wrong thing, and calmly sits in judgment while we do the thing he has suggested.

Life of every sort is a conundrum, but of one thing we may be sure, those who conduct the affairs of which they have the management in a wholesome and tolerant spirit entirely within their experience, are most apt to be right. The fool friend is always ready to tell you differently. He seems to be a professional disturber with a vast experience which has always been wrong. The politician who listens to him says the wrong thing; the business man who listens to him buys the wrong thing, sells the wrong thing, is all the time in the wrong. Socially he is always wrong, and in the end the fool friend never takes his own advice, smiles at you in a superior manner, and tells you that you have not been right.

The dominance of a man or a family largely depends on the strength they show in either leading or misleading a certain section of public opinion. If successful in either way they show their cleverness and their fitness to be managers of affairs. There is a class of people who think they should be given a chance to demonstrate their opinions to a greater extent than has ever been given them. We call them cranks, and yet if we really knew the inside workings of a crank we would discover the not unlovely thing of a man working to produce a result. Cranks are really the active forces of nature to do the things which the masses repudiate or ignore, and consequently a crank is a force which society cannot afford to obliterate. We think we know how everything is done, but really the organization of everything that has been done has been influenced more or less by the one-ideaed person who is jeered at as a crank. And the world goes on and moulds itself, or is moulded, but the crank has his place, and he is a thousand times to be preferred to the fool friend.

WE have all heard of the great pie belt of New England, but a more remarkable thing is the mob belt of the United States. The pie belt is stationary, while the mob belt has been steadily extending until it begins to look as though trial by mob would be substituted altogether in Uncle Sam's country for that good old English institution, trial by jury. It is funny to hear Yankee newspapers reading lectures to the effete monarchies of Europe, giving free advice to everybody who is not “*American*,” and at the same time describing deeds of violence within the boundaries of their most civilized States such as have seldom occurred in Europe since the middle ages, but are recorded as every-day matters across the line. Ohio and Illinois, which have been moderately law-abiding, have now apparently been tacked on to the circuit of Judge Lynch. It is interesting to speculate on the future of the Republic, say thirty years hence, should the tendency to “*raise Cain*” in the most serious sense of that phrase go on unchecked.

IT is said that an effort is to be made to organize the followers of Tolstoi's vagaries into a new sect. Tolstoi is a crank to the majority, because his aims are not their aims, and his way of doing things cannot be understood by them. Tolstoi's moral courage can be admired, for the part of the innovator, especially when he belongs to a class who do not want innovation, is never an enviable one. But it is one thing to admire a man's character or work, and a different thing to form a sect to perpetuate his opinions



and add one more to the jangling factions that distract the world. The general opinion, I venture to say, is that there are enough sects already, and that we can certainly get along without any more. On the other hand, if a number of individuals come to the conclusion that they have a heaven-born mission and ought to float a new sect, no one ought to have a kick coming. It may be that amidst the multiplication of churches, truth is being advanced and a more rational and humane conception of the Creator evolved. If the survival of the fittest is worked out in the life of creeds as it is supposed to be in organic life, we need not get excited over the advent of a few more denominations that believe they have a corner on all the truth in sight. The enormous increase of these small divisions seems to put the dream of church union further away, and perhaps this is not an unmixed evil, for if there were no sects to fight one another, the spiritually-minded might have too much time to devote to chewing those of us who only want to be left alone.

THERE seems to be something of what fanciful people have named "poetic justice" in the accidental drowning at Buffalo of a man who is alleged to have attempted a short time ago to take his life by this means in Toronto. The subject is not one for joking, but it is sad that anyone should catch his last view of this world at Buffalo when Toronto is so preferable in every way. It must have struck everyone that there have been an unusually large number of accidental drownings during the past couple of weeks. The lesson of carefulness is an old one. It is taught every summer, but is never learned, for no one thinks that it may be his turn next. The drowning of the young Hebrew, who gave up his life at Coatsworth's Cut, in the attempt to save that of a young woman he did not know, and perhaps had never seen before, was unusually sad and emphasizes the fact that all the heroes did not go off to the war.

OLD maid factories! I am not sure that the article which declares that boarding-houses are old maid factories does not proclaim the truth. Except that women are naturally inclined to become mothers, I am not sure that old maids are not more happily situated than they would be if they were the wives of impecunious tradesmen or idle mechanics. The boarding-house is really a judgment day of people who are forced to live in that atmosphere. People may mate there and be happy; women may remain unmarried and still be happy. We can never forget the great problem of sex, yet the women forget this problem much more quickly than men do. If a boarding-house women can live properly and evade the results of the courtesies which men will always indulge in when women are concerned, it should be advertised to their credit and not their discredit. The life of an unmarried woman after she passes a certain age is a peculiarly sensitive period in the history of somebody that God made and has apparently given no mission in life. The temptations of that woman must be very great if she be attractive enough to tempt anybody, and possibly if she be not attractive temptations will be still greater.

There is another view to be taken of this expression that the boarding-house is an "old maid factory." It is quite possible that people may discover in a boarding-house that it is better to live singly than with another. There I always the question of who will pay the board and settle for the lodging. No one has ever known how often the woman has done this for the man. When the great discovery is made at the end of the world I imagine that it will be found that the woman has been the greater burden-bearer. I think if boarding-housekeepers were to tell us all they know, that it would be found that the woman has been first to pawn her jewelry and lose her identity that the man might still have three meals a day and a place to sleep. Sacrifices cease to have a value when they are made public, but I think the sacrifices that women make for men and the theory which outlives these sacrifices, are the outcome of women who suffer and make no complaint. There are women who suffer and do make complaint, but their proportion to the millions who pass with downcast eyes through the streets cut no figure, for the majority suffer and are silent.

SPEAKING of the majority that suffers and is silent, do you think that the expressed woes of labor unions and troubled people who are organized to make the most of their agonies, give proper expression to what troubles mankind? I do not think so. Insufficiency of food, lack of fuel in the winter, lack of raiment in the street, are certainly terrible things to contemplate, yet if we considered ourselves and our neighbors these are not the greatest disasters which can come up against us, for mentally we can find sufferings which overlap these physical disabilities and are much more acute. The person who suffers in his mind, who is burdened with the fear of all the physical evils which have been enumerated, the one who thinks not only of the to-morrow for himself, but of the children he has begotten an agony which is immeasurably greater than those who are troubled because they are so self-considerate. The tramp has no care except for his own self-keeping, and consequently his trouble is little. He rambles about the country unshaven, unwashed, unlovely, and seldom fails to find food and shelter. The frail little man with a big family who is at the factory door when the bell rings at seven o'clock in the morning and does not leave till six at night, is racked with pains as to what would become of his family were he unable to be at the door when the whistle blows. The chief trouble of life is mental, not physical. What we are mostly asking for is how to avoid the things we fear, not to obtain anything that we absolutely want. As a matter of fact we want very little, and we could do without almost everything we get. Isn't there some way of making life easier by fearing less and being reasonable in what we accept as our share? Why should the majority of men and women be scurrying around factories and business houses trying to obtain what is unnecessary? Hot or cold, it makes no difference; we could all live for a small fraction of what we pay. The thing is to discover whether we and ours could be satisfied with less.

#### Social and Personal.

A SUMMER wedding of the most charming was that of Mr. Herbert Donaldson Hulme and Miss Caroline Alice Jones last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones, parents of the bride, have a very pretty many-roomed cottage in Clarendon Avenue, Center Island, before which the newly-deepened channel flows sparkling, and which is blessed also with a real summer verandah, so wide and long that it is equal to a regular reception salon, a pretty lawn of the finest turf and covered with a mammoth marquee of bright red and gold canvas, and there you are with the fitting place for an Island wedding of the most delightful sort. Gay groups of ladies and gentlemen were to be seen making their way across the shady park from the ferries, or assembling from Island homes until the living room of the summer home was filled with guests and late comers peered from the verandah over their heads to see the first glimpse of the sweet girl bride, who was mostly daintily gowned in a lace dress, over a silk slip, her girlish arms and neck showing through transparent gimpie and sleeves, and her mignon face peeping from a soft tulle veil, which was held by a coronet of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of white roses and ferns. Miss Ruth Jones, Miss Allayne Jones and Miss Aileen Hulme, each a distinct type of fair girlhood, were the bride's attendants. Their gowns were of organdie and Valenciennes with white hats, all very dainty. Mr. Wells, of Dawson City, was best man, and Mr. Stanley Hulme, brother of the groom, was bride's usher. The best man, a jolly and handsome pioneer in the land of gold, was the only member of the pretty cortege outside the bride's and groom's families, who indeed made a most attractive group. Rev. Canon MacNabb, a very old friend of the bride's family, performed the ceremony, and the improvised altar with reredos of ferns, palms and hundreds of exquisite



MISS CAROLINE ALICE JONES.

MR. HERBERT DONALDSON HULME.

waterlilies and snowy asters, was a dream of beauty. A fine brass cross flashed in the midst of the flowers and green, and the bridal music from Lohengrin was played by an orchestra on the verandah, as the bride's party appeared. After the ceremony the joyous wedding march was played, while the guests pressed forward in their turn to wish Mr. and Mrs. Hulme every happiness, and to many the sweet young bride gave most charming thanks with the merry assurance, "I have plenty more left." The determination expressed beforehand that this first break in a very united family should be only celebrated with joy and congratulations, resulted in a merry tone which culminated in a burst of cheers and a chorus of singing as the young couple floated away in the smart yacht Wapiti, which was kindly sent by its owner, Mr. Barber, to convey the bridal party to the train. In the marquee, Coles served a very elegant dejeuner (keeping up his reputation as a first rate caterer), and there the bride's health, the groom's health and the health of all and sundry the relatives and friends was drunk in sparkling champagne, while the harpers played most tunefully, and many a word of admiration was heard of the bride, the exquisite gifts, and the whole pretty function. Mr. Hulme gave his bride a sumptuous fur coat, of seal and sable, an exquisite watch set with diamonds, and among her other gifts was a piano, a splendid cabinet of silver, a Florentine jar that set connoisseurs' eyes open wide, and one of the prettiest belt buckles I ever saw—a golden disc with repousse head of a woman, whose floating locks were starred with inset diamonds. The bridegroom presented the maids with nugget pins, appropriate souvenirs of the fact that he has found prosperity in the Nugget City. Mr. and Mrs. Hulme will spend a short honeymoon across the line, and will return to Toronto en route for Dawson City. Among the wedding guests were Colonel and Mrs. Hulme, parents of the groom, from Belleville; Mr. and Mrs. Holland, of Parkdale; Mrs. and Miss Hedley, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey and little Miss Godfrey, Mrs. and the Misses Lampert, Mrs. MacNabb, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mr. and Miss Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. George Ridell, Mrs. and the Misses Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Trees, Dr. and Mrs. Adam Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beatty, Mr. Howlett, Mrs. Hoskin and Miss Hoskin, Mr. Hoskin of Deer Park, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Rolph, Mr. Gerald Wade, Miss Zeta Kemp, Miss Kittie Paterson, Mrs. G. P. Magann.

They are all coming home, our friends and neighbors, with brown faces and bright eyes. Some from peaceful islands in the northern bays and lakes; some from bleak but healthy sand dunes and Atlantic rock-bound coasts; some from smart hotels where ten o'clock has been bedtime after long golden days; some from camping experiences many and wonderful; and yet others from long dreamy days aloft on yacht and steamer or brilliant days of sightseeing in the Old Land. We shall see these returns filling the columns of the papers; we shall receive bright messages and enquiries, "Where were you?"—we shall boast of our own diversions, and then we shall fall into line for the autumn and winter season as docilely as possible.

Mrs. George Carruthers, nee Wright of Port Huron, left on Thursday for her native city, where she will take the boat for the North en route to Winnipeg, her future home. Mr. Carruthers having been appointed to the management of the Winnipeg branch of his father's business in the Prairie City. Mrs. Carruthers, whose charming personality and bright social gifts have made her a reigning belle in social circles here, will be such an acquisition to the far North that envious thoughts will be in order for the friends she leaves behind her, and her handsome young husband will also be missed from the golfing, hunting and racing circles of the smart set.

Miss Justina Harrison is visiting Mrs. Brydon in Collingwood. Mrs. Harrison, who has been the guest of Mrs. Lett at Rock Court, came down to Barrie on Saturday to visit friends in that pretty town. Mrs. Wyatt returned from Collingwood last week. Mrs. and Miss Grant Macdonald have been spending some time in Collingwood. Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton also has spent the hot weather on the shores of the Georgian Bay. Miss Lett, who was so much admired in Toronto and at Niagara-on-the-Lake during the recent season, is visiting in Collingwood, where she continues to capture all hearts. Several other well-known Toronto society folk have recently returned from the above neighborhood, which is given over to afternoon teas of the most engaging description.

The announcement of the engagement of Mr. Gerald Wade and Miss Mary Millicent Wilson has interested many friends this week. Mr. Gerald Wade is a "summer boy" to whose energy and unfailing good nature and tact the Carter Islanders owe much of the success of their entertainments and sports. No strangers escape his quick eye and quicker courtesy, and all unite in wishing him and his lady-love a happy engagement and a jolly wedding in due time.

Pretty little Mrs. Stratton is in town this week after a summer in the far North and West. Mr. Aubrey White has returned from England. Mr. Frank Ford and Mrs. Ford are in Muskoka. Mrs. Seales is entertaining friends. One can now be sure of a bed and a meal at Muskoka hotels, the rush having set in homeward. Mrs. and the Misses McLeod have returned from Crystal Beach, N.Y.

Miss Ashly Dunnet, Huntley street, and Miss V. Morrison, Kingston, are the guests of Miss Hartigan, "Caenearadh," Camden East.

An exceedingly interesting and distinguished couple visited Toronto a few days ago, the Baron and Baroness Franchetti, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer at Glenedyth. Baron Franchetti lives at Rome, and is a member of the Italian Parliament. His wife is a niece of Mr. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, and the distinguished pair are noted for their charity and many gifts of character in their Italian home. The Baroness has a beautiful enthusiasm for work among the children of the poor, and her noble husband has assisted her to carry out this work by presenting her with a large tract of land near Rome, where she has established a sort of industrial farm and home for her little proteges. During their visit to Toronto Mr.

Nordheimer drove the Baron to the Massey-Harris works, where he found such splendid improved machines for his hobby of farming that he made large purchases. The Baron and Baroness left for New York on their return journey.

An interesting bit of news came to Colonel and Mrs. Hulme just at the happy wedding hour of their son. Another son, Mr. Glencoe Hulme, had the honor of hoisting the British flag on the court house in Pretoria, and thereby gains the gold watch promised by patriotic Mrs. Lingham, of Belleville, to the soldier so doing. Glencoe's people are proud of him, as they have a right to be.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Coulson gave a very smart little dinner in honor of a visiting friend. The affair was quite impromptu and most enjoyable.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny are at Rohallion, where the same kind and graceful hospitality as ever is enjoyed by their friends.

Miss Kirkland has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. MacKenzie, who are in Winnipeg, are returning home. Mr. Charles E. S. Macpherson, C.P.R., looking very well and being greeted everywhere by old friends, was down from Winnipeg this week. He has, like all the world, been holidaying.

Mrs. Krell intends leaving immediately for a visit to her brother, Mr. Thomson, in Kansas. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Miss Thomson and Miss Jean Milne still remain at Hotel Hanlan, where the cool breezes are most refreshing.

#### Notes from the Capital.



IT is a serious mistake to end one's summer wanderings and return to city life before the 1st of September, as so many Ottawa people have found out to their cost this year, for there is no dullness like the dullness of the last two weeks of August in the city, and when this dullness is combined with intense heat it becomes well nigh unbearable. Fortunately the electric genius of Messrs. Soper & Ahearn has supplied the city of their adoption with ways and means of enjoying comparative coolness—open and airy trains that rush out into the country, which, owing to the rainy season, has remained clothed in the soft green of the early summer. The new line running to Britannia is the favorite, and as a pleasure resort this little lake port has quite eclipsed its rival Aylmer, on the opposite shore, where, however, the Hotel Victoria is filled with guests who are rather well pleased that the transient crowds have turned their attention away from Queen's Park. The Saturday evening hops at Hotel Victoria have been the great event of the week for those young people of the gay world whom circumstances contrived to keep in Ottawa during the summer. Last week there was a particularly good dance given at the hotel, the hostesses being some of the married ladies living there, and one or two from town. Among the latter Mrs. Paul Wetherbee, a pretty "American," who has chaperoned many of the summer's festivities, was one of the leading spirits. The Misses McGee, Misses Eubridge, Miss Richardson, Miss Miall, Miss Keefer, Miss MacIntyre, Miss Edith Tobin, were some of the dancers. Among the belles one may safely mention Mrs. Alex. Macdougall, whose sudden marriage at the beginning of the summer was a surprise even to her most intimate friends. Mrs. Macdougall appears to have lost none of the sprightliness that proved so attractive in Miss Chipman, and is still a reigning favorite in Ottawa's younger social set. Mrs. Macdougall will probably spend the winter with her mother in New York, as her husband has still another year to put in at Cornell University.

There are very many prominent members of Ottawa society who are not only still in town, but have not been absent for any length of time. Of these are Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, who, barring a detour in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, which included a stop of some days at Sydney, have spent the summer at the Capital, where the quietness and delightful absence of red tape proved as health restoring as sea breezes and the breath of pine forests, so at least one judges from a glimpse of the Premier and a short conversation enjoyed with him in an electric car. Sir Wilfrid is looking very fit, and in splendid condition for facing the fatigues of the general election which, if one can believe popular report, may materialize this autumn. The members of his Cabinet are almost without exception at work in their respective offices and important meetings of Council are being held each morning.

The new G. O. C., General O'Grady-Haly, has created a favorable impression upon all who have so far come in contact with him. May the shadow that fell across the paths of our former G. O. C.'s avoid the path of this one. Speaking of him reminds me that this week was sacred to the D. R. A., and that the Rockcliffe ranges were the scenes of some delightful little tea parties as well as some superlative shooting. The drive down to the ranges in the new Scenic Line is one of the great attractions of Ottawa viewed as a summer resort, and at the new clubhouse built at the range the officers entertained charmingly. Colonel Robert Cartwright is one of the heroes from South Africa whom everybody was glad to welcome back to his home and family. In spite of the bad attack of fever which invadied him, Colonel Cartwright is looking remarkably well and was one of the most popular men among the many in the Allan Lister Parisian, which brought him back to Canada.

General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly have rented for the winter the handsome house in Wurtemburg street, belonging to Mrs. Hayter Reed. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Harris have left it and are now at Carleton, P.Q., where they are enjoying the picturesque scenery and pleasant coolness and will remain until the early part of September, when it is hoped that Earncliffe will be ready for them.

Mrs. MacLeod Stewart, whose serious illness caused her friends much anxiety a few weeks ago, is now much better and rapidly gaining strength and health at "Fernbank," where she is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell. Her daughter, Miss Emma Stewart, is with her at "Fernbank."



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### Social and Personal.

The Monday diners at the Yacht Club were the envy of many unable to enjoy the delightful coolness of an alfresco repast, and the later arrivals for the dance found the tables still set with lamps and candles and crowned with roses, as the guests finished their dessert and wine. A very pretty dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann in honor of Mr. McLaughlin, owner of the beautiful yacht Trionyx, which has been anchored in the bay, or taking out smart parties for delightful sails these warm days. At Mrs. Magann's dinner were Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, Mr. Vincent Hughes, the Misses Hughes, Miss Evelyn Falconbridge, and the guest of honor—who has made many friends, and is a most generous and pleasant host aboard his little floating home. Two yachts from the United States spent the week in Toronto Bay and vicinity, the Margaret, Mr. J. H. Rutherford's lovely boat, being on the ways at Polson's for a trifling disarrangement of her dainty interior. Mr. Rutherford left with the Margaret on Wednesday morning, much to the regret of several friends who owe him thanks for charming hospitality. On Tuesday afternoon he was observed at the opening of the Exhibition, taking an interest in things of note there.

At the Yacht Club dance many regrets were heard for the unpleasant contretemps which had laid the clever honorary secretary hors de combat, and during his holidays, too! It appears that on August 19th Mr. Ricardo Seaver was beaching his boat at one of the islands near that of his host, Mr. Brock, when he was pinned down by a huge log inadvertently set rolling (by a man who had preceded him up the incline) some fifteen feet above. Mr. Ricardo Seaver suffered a deep gash and some bad bruises, but fortunately no broken bones, and is now, I hear, all right again and back in Toronto, after a very pleasant time at Stony Lake.

Miss Ethel Hill, daughter of Rev. Jeffrey Hill, is in town, having taken a position in the Normal School Educational Department. Mrs. Pennefather of Chatham and her family have removed to Toronto and are at 86 St. Mary street. Mr. Edgar Pennefather, who was on pension in Jarvis street, is with them.

Mrs. and Miss Vincent, of Providence, R. I., are the guests of Mrs. Williams of Oak Lawn, who gave a tea for these charming ladies yesterday afternoon. Oak Lawn has this season been looking beautiful; the well granite and iron fence, which for the first time has enclosed its velvet green terrace of soil and rich borders of flowers and foliage plants, quite finishes off one of the prettiest sites in Toronto, and adds outer charm to a home which needs no further graces for its interior. Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Moore, and their family circle are always the best of hostesses.

Morinus House, Lake Rosseau, was the scene of a very jolly event on Thursday evening, August 16th, when the guests of that delightful spot held a fancy dress ball. The costumes were chosen with great taste, and presented a very pleasing and varied picture. The guests were costumed as follows: Mrs. Hiram Piper, Toronto, yachtman; Miss Hattie Dixon, bicycle boy; Mrs. Charles Wolfkill, Montreal, gentleman tourist. This trio were much admired and carried out their part to perfection. Mrs. Harry Bennett, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. R. H. Mitchell, fish-wife; Miss Edith Mitchell, nun; Miss Mabel Mitchell, gipsy; Miss May Denroche, a lady of France; Miss Margaret Colville, Dolly Varden; Miss Mingay, Red Cross nurse; Miss Elsie Mingay made a pretty Swiss girl; Miss Susie Colville, summer girl; Miss Maud Bacon, Italian peasant; Mrs. Dave Colville, night; Miss Lillian Welch, apple woman; Miss Smith of Detroit, court lady; Miss Anna Smith, Hamilton, fortune teller; Miss Gladys Marshall, flower girl; Miss Coker, Norwich, nun; Miss Marie Gross, Newark, N.J., buttercup; Master Harry Gross, Gretchen; Miss Ellenita Roloff, Ophelia; Mr. J. R. Walker, Toronto, becomingly dressed in a burning costume; Mr. Thomas Wright, Nanki-Poo; Mr. Hiram Piper, Japanese gentleman; Mr. Hugh Rodger, Hamilton, Biddy; Mr. W. C. Knight, New York, Betsy Bobbit; Mr. Harry Bennett, as a clown; Mr. Charles Mitchell, as a tramp, and Mr. Harvey Snider, St. Perkins, were without doubt the fun-makers of the party and kept the audience in continual good humor by their antics. Miss Kate Miller of St. Catharines deserved many thanks for placing her inexhaustible wardrobe at the disposal of the participants. Miss May Denroche also assisted in completing some neat costumes. Considering the affair was in every way impromptu, it was voted by all a huge success.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Harris have returned to their home, 72 Close avenue, Parkdale, where Mrs. Harris, formerly Miss Victoria Smith, will receive about the last of September.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilkie and little daughter, Marjorie, of Manning avenue, also Mrs. A. L. Young and children of Sussex avenue, and Miss E. Dill of Major street, will return this week from Muskoka, where they have been spending the last two months.

The following were the guests registered at Morinus House, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, for 1900: P. D. Greer and family, W. Marshall and family, D. Arey Martin and family of Hamilton; H. Piper and family, R. H. Mitchell and family, D. Colville and family of Toronto; Mrs. Wolfkill and son of Montreal; D. Jones and family of Buffalo, N.Y.; E. Roloff and family, A. Grosse and family of Newark, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Snider, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bennett, Mrs. R. Score of Toronto; Misses Hattie Dixon, Lillian Welch, May Denroche,

Maud Bacon, Ethel Patterson, Rose Oliver, A. Walker, I. Walker, Jessie Withers, Hilda Webber, Edith Jones, Stephensons, Margaret and Susie Colville of Toronto; Misses A. Warren Smith, Gertrude Smith, Hamilton; Misses Minnie Dempsey, Lillie Metcalfe and Emerson of Belleville; Miss James of St. Thomas, Miss Kate Miller of St. Catharines, Miss Coker of Norwich, Miss M. E. Smith, of Detroit, Mich.; Messrs J. R. Walker, V. Webber, Charles Withers, Harvey Snider, Joe Murray, H. Laurie, Thomas Wright, H. Burt, A. F. Ede, D. Murray, John Murray, George Watt, Ed Long, Toronto; Byard Warnock, Galt; Fred Drew, W. C. McKnight of New York. A very pleasant surprise came to Mr. W. D. McNaughton, the genial proprietor of the above house. On Monday evening of last week, Mr. J. R. Walker, on behalf of the guests, read a neat address and presented him with a handsome desk, as a slight token of their appreciation of his untiring efforts to make pleasant their sojourn at his house. Mr. McNaughton replied in a few well-chosen words, thanking the donors for their kindness, and, after cheers for mine host and his good wife, the party spent the remainder of the evening at progressive euchre. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett winning the two prizes, while Mr. and Mrs. Colville won the consolation prizes.

Mrs. Ross of Howland avenue gave an enjoyable garden party at her summer home, Khark Cot, Clondeboye avenue, Center Island, in honor of her guests, the Misses Anderson of Arthur, daughters of Mr. John Anderson, registrar of North Wellington. The grounds were prettily decorated with bunting, flags and Chinese lanterns. Music and refreshments were enjoyed during the evening.

One of the most enjoyable dances of the season was that given by Mrs. Roberts to the guests of her hotel, at Ward's Island, on Monday evening, August 20. The evening was spent in dancing in the very prettily decorated ball-room and promenading on the lawn and piers, which were hung with Chinese lanterns, after which refreshments were partaken of, and the guests then retired, after having thanked their kind hostess for the pleasant evening spent.

That floating palace, the Toronto, still continues to enjoy popular favor. Among those who escaped from the recent great heat to the cooling and refreshing breezes of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River are Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham and the Misses Gooderham of Sherbourne street, Mr. W. H. Brouse and children, Professor and Mrs. Wrong and children, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. George Hargrave, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McLellan, Mr. McDowall Thompson, Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Garvey, Mr. George Brown, Mr. G. E. Shepley, Q.C., Mrs. and the Misses Shepley, Mr. Torrie, Mr. G. Ross, Mr. Boulbee, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. J. Kerr, Hon. Mr. Hart, Mr. Frank Kay and a large number of "Americans."

Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece of Parkdale is visiting her brother at Fort Porter, Buffalo, N.Y.

Mr. T. Herbert Barton is spending his holidays in Halifax, where he is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. W. Pilcher.

Miss Bertie Dougall, daughter of A. R. Dougall, Q.C., Belleville, is visiting her cousin, Miss Olive Walker, Chateau Cecil, Center Island.

Mrs. Carleton E. Bryant of New York is visiting her father, Mr. Siddall of Rosedale.

Mrs. George Dunstan is enjoying a visit to Hythe, Eng., and also the company of that charming and pretty lady, Mrs. Bromley Davenport. Mrs. Dunstan will, I hear, be home some time this month.

### A Visitor to Toronto.

We have had a visit from Mr. H. L. Feuerherd, of Oporto, who has been on an extended tour through the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Mr. Feuerherd has devoted his time in America mainly to the business of his firm at Oporto and Jerez de la Frontera, but apparently he has very much enjoyed his sojourn amongst us. Of all the cities he has visited in America he likes Toronto best, on account of the cleanliness of the streets and the charm of the residential portions of the city. He says he not only admires Canada, but loves it—that it is by far the finest country he has ever seen. He says he has tasted many Canadian and "American" wines and maintains stoutly that we shall all be wine drinkers by and by; that Nature never makes mistakes, and would not have accorded to North America such an enormous slice of the temperate zone capable of producing fine wines if it were not the intention that part of our food should be wine. Mr. Feuerherd is of the opinion that very fine wines can be produced here, but says that it takes a long time for any country to perfect itself in the vinular industry, which requires great attention and great experience.

### Not the Way in Canada.

The wildest popular delusions respecting Masonic rites are put into the shade by a report in the Irish papers of "the making of an Orangeman." It is the report of a case at Limavady, in which James Warke, a farm servant, summoned his employer and three other men for assaulting him. Warke's story was that the defendants told him they would make him an Orangeman, and that they then tied his legs together, put a cloth over his eyes, and branded him with a pair of red-hot tongs. This was his initiation. Two days later there was a further ceremony, in the course of which the defendants stripped him naked, fastened his feet together with one rope, suspended him from a beam with another rope passed round his waist, and then swung him backwards and forwards, while they stung him with nettles and pricked him with pins, a process which was continued

till he fainted. It is not known whether this barbarous form of practical joking is much practised in County Kerry; but in any event the Limavady Bench were extremely lenient in permitting the defendants to escape with fines of £2 each and costs.

### His Material.

Greatun—Well, I have my new novel almost done.

Amicus—Why, you haven't written a line of it yet.

"True, but I know just where I must go to steal each different thing I am going to use in it."—"Life."

Husband—I don't know how much of an allowance to give you next year.

Wife—You know how much you can afford, don't you?

"Why, yes."

"Then give me as much more as you can spare."

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They are made for women and men.  
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### Princess Complexion Purifier

would soon clear their faces, hands and arms of all discolorations, and keep the skin clear, pure and fine in texture. Price, \$1.50, express prepaid. COMPLEXION PURIFIER acts like magic, and cures quickly Ivy Poisoning, Eczema, Mothpatches, etc. Send stamp for books, "Health and Good Looks" and "About the Hair." Superfluous Hair, Moles, etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured.

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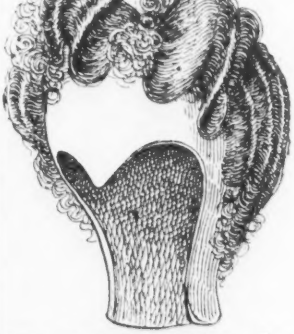


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# Philosophy and Sweets

By ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.

The attractions of a K. C. B. Are potent to a high degree. Amid the philosophical, anti-misanthropic Macaroons and afternoon tea.

"I T was a toss up between the meeting of the Blue Dragon Antiquary Society and us. My dear, we won—the Spencerians' came in first best. Result, a man is to be here to-day, the first man, Maud, who has ever honored this august body of female philosophers, as Lavina would say. Are you listening to me, infant?"

"Listening," said the little girl beside her, and a strange seriousness crept into her big blue eyes. She was regarded as the frivolous member of the club, and no one ever dreamed of placing any weight on the stray trifles which escaped her pretty lips. "I am listening and dreaming—dreaming of the lords of creation! Do you know I would scream for joy only Lavina's face repels. Look at her, dearie, I can see by her face that she is lying in wait for the hero to devour him before our very eyes."

"If that is her idea," said the first speaker, "she must be well curled up and go to sleep, for she can't have him. His face is hard enough as it is. Maud, we must put the good-looking girl beside him; remember he is a man first and literary afterwards, consequently a pair of pretty eyes may carry more weight than the philosophy of the Pagans."

The frivolous member mused for a moment. "I understand what you mean," she said, brightly. "For instance, blue goggles and squints and cotton gloves should be chased into the dark corners of the room where the K.C.B. will see them through a mist." She laughed brightly with that laugh which always brought a ray of sunshine with it, and sprang lightly to her feet, peeped into a long mirror to arrange a curl on her forehead, and coaxed a nodding black plume to droop over one ear.

"There is the bell again," she cried, in a flutter of excitement, and sinking into her chair endeavored to look tremendously serious. "No doubt it's the hero who is a shooting-box in Surrey and a palace in Bedford square and any amount of other things, and who has come to America to address 'Literary people' and shoot bears." The bell ringing, however, was only the forerunner of more club members, otherwise known as "Female Philosophers of the Spencerian Literary Club." Maud turned again to the mirror to resume arranging the details of her toilet. "Tell me, Gladys," she said presently, appealing to her chief friend and sympathizer. "Oh, do tell me if my feather is exactly in the right spot. Archie says it suits me so because—because it is so wayward. There, my dear, isn't it a dream? Do you think Sir John will know it is Egyptian lace and belonged to Cleopatra's grandmother? I think that's the reddest. Dearie, are my curls pretty to-day? You know I do really have pretty curls sometimes. Archie says they look so black against my white skin, only Archie doesn't use those words; he's poetical, and says 'alabaster brow'."

"More regal than a diadem the wealth of glossy hair That crowns her alabaster brow, so marvelously fair."

That's where alabaster comes in. I have it all on birch bark, and there are twenty-six verses."

"I have no reason to doubt you," said Gladys, quickly. "Indeed, I am perfectly confident as to there being twenty-six. Now let us become serious."

The frivolous member assumed a surprising dignity, and rolling her eyes severely said: "Was I talking about curls and feathers and wave of a very white skin, only Archie doesn't use those words? He's poetical, and says 'alabaster brow'." "More regal than a diadem the wealth of glossy hair That crowns her alabaster brow, so marvelously fair."

That's where alabaster comes in. I have it all on birch bark, and there are twenty-six verses."

"I think it was Plato who assured them that a couple of frivolous members were necessary in order to adhere to the law of contrast, which law was closely associated with mental development. So they sighed contentedly and turned with a pitying smile to the 'Contrast.' Had Miss Maud been acquainted with this conference of the powers she would have laughed and declared that it was just the same with Plato as with Sir John—he was a man first and literary afterwards, only, being exceedingly clever, he could work the bluff better in the way of pulling the wool over the eyes of 'female philosophers.'"

Electrical music rang through the house for some time, bringing trilling members, but the hero failed to appear. The ladies formed in a huge semi-circle and nervously awaited the hero of the hour.

"We are, on the whole," began Miss Lavina Oldgrave, resting her steel-rimmed spectacles on the lower part of her nose—dangerously low—we are, on the whole, it is my impression, a very serious and studious body of women."

Lavina is tall, thin and serious-looking. Her friends regard her expression as intellectual. Her enemies very cruelly call it sour. I am neutral, and consider it elderly and interesting. There is a tradition that long ago Lavina laughed heartily; it was very many years ago, and she sealed the sound forever with an expression which said, and still says, "God help us all!"

"This life of intellectual refinement," went on Lavina, "is invigorating; moreover, it must necessarily have an effect upon the physiognomy of our members."

"In what way?" asked the frivolous member, nervously.

"In sobering the general aspect," answered Miss Oldgrave, severe and unbending. Maud caught a glimpse of the nodding feather in the mirror and shook it excitedly while her eyes filled with anxiety.

"Shall we all grow—alike?" she asked.

"I trust not," said Miss Oldgrave, more severely. "You do not comprehend me, Miss Butterfly. Have you not read your Spencer? Have you not studied the law of organisms?"

"Not carefully,"

"I thought not. Then, have you not imbibed the theory of self-strangeness and Plato's heavenly dissertation on the universal law of inclusion? Ah, no," (sighs) "you have not; therefore I cannot converse with you, my child."

She turned abruptly in her chair and straightened her back in a positively perpendicular line. Maud had grave fears of her bonnet falling off backward, but the strings reassured her.

"Will you please tell me," persisted the frivolous member, "how our faces can possibly change?"

"Our features, of course, cannot change, but our mental expression can," said Lavina, condescendingly. "Weigh my words well, Miss Archer, and when you go home look up Mental Development and Spiritual Growth, by Heriot."

"I can tell you all about it," said Gladys, softly whispering into the ear of the frivolous member. "It is on the shelf next to Taylor's Holy Living and Dying. Take a dust pan with you."

"As I before remarked," continued Lavina, with a frown, for she had been interrupted by persistent giggling. "you are, Miss Archer, lamentably no student. Youth indeed has its drawbacks. What I mean when I speak of facial expression changing is, mind development affects moral, and moral affects physical, which is outward expression. Moral development affects also that greatest of all, spiritual, soul development. It is a circular process which the illustrious philosophers explain as moving in spiral ascent."

"Oh, how funny," cried the frivolous member.

## Friends Help.

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking a cup and a half of coffee once a day I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get up for my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down."

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. Mrs. H. A. Hober, for many years State president of the W. C. T. U., a personal friend, told me she had been greatly benefited by quinine and using Postum Food Coffee. She was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no more to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum Food Coffee."

"Another lady, Mrs. Mary Baker, of Red Wing, Minn., had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, and found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum Food Coffee twice a day. She was wholly cured. Mrs. Judge Stocker of Minneapolis told me that Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee."

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble, and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." Mrs. Mary Harrington, St. Paul Park, Minn.

member, "I suppose they mean like soap bubbles going up?"

"Curious simile," said Lavina, whose mind machine failed to recognize the girl's quick perception. "Let me explain further," continued the woman. "Let me give you an instance of mental growth affecting physical action. I once knew a young woman who was mentally deficient."

"An idiot?" interrupted Maud, with surprise.

"Undeveloped mental powers, which is much the same thing. I encouraged her to take up a course of study. She refused. She was, I repeat, so mentally deficient."

"I don't think it's fair calling her an idiot if she was allowed to go about as other people," said Maud, reproachfully.

"Everything she did," continued Lavina, disregarding interruption, "everything was unbalanced, or to use more easily understood word, topsy-turvy like her mind. There was no even development, consequently no even action. Believe me," (earnestly) "she even ran over the heels of her boots atrociously!"

"Harris, the woman's bootmaker," again interrupted Maud, "has a new idea for run-over heels, no old nails or—"

"After some trouble," continued Miss Oldgrave, with a toss of her head. "I persuaded her to take up a course of methodical study. Strange to say she became deeply interested in the interpretation of the works of the philosophers. At the present day she is on a tolerably sure road to true mental development. And now for my point—she can actually wear her boots to the last without the heels showing the least suspicion of wear."

"The atmosphere is somewhat incredulous, but no one dares to encourage a further discussion. Lavina continues, impressively: 'And now I wish to say a word on another matter. I do not wish to offend any member or members, but he who is to be our guest to-day is, I may say, a literary hero, a world-famed light, whose very presence should banish carelessness from thoughtless youth. Being naturally observant, he will scan our faces and read them in a twinkling. Without saying more, I must remind our younger members that forwardness is the essence of vulgarity. There is no necessity to designate who shall approach our illustrious guest. His own superior judgment will choose those in whom he discovers a fellow-feeling.'"

"Time was passing. The president and hostess arose. The president, smiling, 'we shall proceed with our programme. Sir John is lunching with some gentlemen, and I am confident his being late is unavoidable. Had I known we were to have had this delay we might have spent an hour in the orchid-house. As it is, we will proceed with Miss Newlove's paper on 'The Cid.' The president resumed her seat, while the frivolous Miss Archer whispered to her friend that even if Sir John had lunch at the Club it was very late now. She proceeded to wonder if Sir John was a member of the Blue Ribbon or White Ribbon or the ribbon which prevents people forgetting things."

"Or," said Gladys, "as Lavina would say, 'shall we prevent people from making physical, mental, moral and spiritual beasts of themselves?'"

"Exactly," said Maud, eagerly, "and even if it had only been a hot whiskey at bedtime to break up a cold."

Then Miss Gladys suggested that, in view of Sir John's not being connected with ribbon societies, dry wines were seldom served at a ladies' luncheon (certainly men's luncheons must be the same as ladies' luncheons).

"And," said the frivolous member, solemnly, "sweet wines could not possibly do anything with a K.C.B."

Now, it is sorrowful to be compelled to relate that the frivolous Miss Archer, she of the drooping feather and wayward curls, whispered (it was a wonderfully low whisper, for obvious reasons) that it would be rather funny if Sir John should come and should have no connection with morals and things, and—"You know, Gladys, just enough to make him funny and want to talk." Gladys did not concur. "Excuse me, my dear, I am not a fragment of an inferior opera troupe nor the champagne tent at the races—nor even a chic afternoon reception. You seem to forget that we are—a literary club."

"I am right, dearie," said the frivolous member, humbly. "I was only thinking of the joke it would be to watch Lavina's face. I forgot the other part."

There was a rattle of carriage wheels on the gravel drive—the doors were thrown open and Sir John stood on the threshold of the drawing-room, all grace and smiling. He was at once taken in charge by the hostess, who later presented him formally to the club members.

"My dear, positively good-looking," whispered Maud.

"Awfully like Chamberlain," said a married member.

"Most intellectual in the region of the literary pronouncements," said Miss Oldgrave, drawing off her spectacles. Sir John was presented, smiled and raised his monocle.

"I adore a man who can manage one of those things," cried Maud, in raptures. "I wonder how he does it."

"Gravitation," said Lavina severely. She closed her lips firmly with a jerk and then said, suddenly, in an undertone: "Gravitation and the law of equilibrium are interesting subjects, and remark had no effect on the young person addressed. She turned to Sir John, but he was still engrossed with his hostess."

"Fancy, Gladys," the Butterfly continued. "one man and thirty-two women! Place me in a room with thirty-two men—I should die!"

"You should be perfectly—ravishingly happy," said Miss Oldgrave. "At present," Miss Archer, your presence here calls to my mind a very old and familiar quotation, which, being Latin, you would not understand—"

"But which means—"

Miss Oldgrave threw her head back and replied in a languid and clearly sarcastic voice: "Which means, 'there is nothing like the innocence of youth and the blue eyes of spring, except—'"

"You need not go on," said Maud, quietly. "It is the very thing which does not understand what it is trying to say and

men takes years to say it."

Sir John, speaking aloud, prevented the reproach which Lavina stored up in her head for future use.

"May I say," began the Literary Hero, with a happy smile on his face; "may I say that I have, as it were, been inveigled here under a false pretense—that it is a trap, though a very charming trap, into which I have fallen; indeed, I should be glad to remain a prisoner in such a trap for time infinite—provided my jailers submitted to an explanation on my part. Now, my dear young ladies, I was under the impression that I was to join you in—merely afternoon tea and a little tete-a-tete. Instead of this I am told that it is to be—"

he paused and looked at his hostess, while Gladys whispered to Maud: "Thin bread and butter and afternoon prayer."

"Be still," said the frivolous member. "I only want to sit and look at him. They are lords of creation. Glad, don't you think so when you look at Lavina?" Suddenly, "Archie's one of them—he's a lord; I wonder," (sighing), "if he will ever be a K.C.B. I know he could do the monocle part."

"Oh, yes," continued Sir John, "that you have been looking forward to an address. To begin with, I am no speaker; you, my dear young ladies, have been laboring under a delusion. It is very amusing. Something of the same sort occurred last evening; delusions are prevalent with regard to my accomplishments. I was asked to address a society of authors. Now an author is a person who is frequently weak in both, for few men can do two things really well; indeed, I am of the opinion that this small matter is very often a test of a man's strength in one direction. However, to continue, in spite of my assertion that I was no speaker, I was, to my intense amusement, asked to proceed, that it really made little difference; in fact, we would now all be on an equal footing as the society of authors really contained no authors."

Sir John paused, and Lavina rose from her chair, tall and majestic. "I should hope," she began, in a remarkably sweet voice, evidently reserved for K.C.B.s—"I should hope there is no velled allusion to our club in that remark, Sir John."

It was an unexpected volley, and very naturally took the gentlemanly breath of Sir John. He was very unfortunate that you should think so! My dear Miss—Mrs.—my dear young ladies, you see how totally unaccustomed I am to addressing your charming sex. I live in a sort of bachelor Bohemia at home—over in England. And so, if you will, as it were, allow me to become one of you for the afternoon, my dearest wish will be gratified. The hero said about four more things, but they were all so confidential that they seemed to declare one's self open for conversational contracts. The members in his immediate vicinity took him in charge.

"I am sure his expression says—come closer," said Gladys, softly.

"And so am I," said the frivolous member, "but look at Lavina and tremble. I am trying to think what she said about fear creating a moment's hearing-silly old funeral man?"

"I have forgotten," said Gladys, dreamily, "except that it is on the shelf next to Taylor's Holy Living."

"I have a plan," interrupted Miss Archer. "I shall wait until the maids bring in tea, then I shall run for the macaroons and pass them and become weak when I am opposite that red chair near Sir John—then if there are any maids required, you can go for them," and she laughed a merry little laugh. At this moment Lavina turned in her chair, placed two fingertips nervously on her lips and coughed gently.

"When," she began, addressing her nearest neighbor, "when Miss Herron has finished discussing rubbish—I feel sure it is rubbish—with our illustrious visitor, I shall crave a moment's hearing. I wish a satisfying explanation as to several chapters in Sir John's latest work. I take no part in politics—was it Solomon or my beloved Spencer who enjoins women to desist?—nevertheless there are points in this political work which an infant crying in his mother's arms might take exception to."

"Have a macaroon, Miss Oldgrave," it is the frivolous member, with the sunshine of youthful happiness laughing in her merry eyes.

"Thank you, no. If I mistake not we come here to nourish our minds, not our bodies." Lavina's head is tossed very far back, and the bonnet is in a most precarious position, as the frivolous member passes on with a fervent prayer that the strings may preserve the dignity of the situation.

"Some time ago," continued Miss Oldgrave to a sympathetic listener, "I chanced to overhear the word 'mockery'; certainly if these magpies continue to surround our literature he will think we are a veritable mockery. There certainly must be a move made if we are to preserve one remnant of our reputation. I feel confident that presently, when Sir John glances in our direction, he will perceive an atmosphere of intellectual activity and—"

"Exactly," said the sympathetic listener, "and we will draw him as magnet draws steel." Lavina left her chair and made a circuit of the room, on the pretext of studying the paintings on the wall. She approached the hero and addressed a few words to him. He was necessarily courteous—exceedingly so, but evincing no particular enthusiasm. She returned to her former chair and performed a nervous tattoo on the carpet beneath her skirts.

"And will you really kill bears—or only pretend to, Sir John?" It is Maud's voice, ringing clear and sweet above the others. The hero smiled as he balanced a cup and saucer on one knee and held a sweet between his thumb and his forefinger.

"Law of equilibrium!" whispered the frivolous member, glancing at the cup and saucer and then at Lavina.

"Yes, I hope to kill bears, Miss Archer, or I shall have lived in vain."

The conversation drifted from one thing to another, then suddenly, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, the frivolous member said, impulsively: "Do tell us please, Sir John, what you think of the girls of America, especially the Canadian girls?"

At this moment a storm swept into Miss Oldgrave's face, and she murmured brokenly: "Oh, that I might hide my face with the veils of shame! And we are a literary club!"

"I am afraid," continued Sir John, "that we are a very blunt nation. I tried to explain my appreciation of the charms of Canadian girls. I should very probably make a great fool of

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myself. Suddenly, "Tell me, Miss Archer what would be the superlative degree of—let us say—charming? Perhaps you yourself can help me out."

Maud wrinkled her pretty brows and thought profoundly for a moment. "It is very hard," she said, with a sigh, "but let me think; I should say—'duckiest would come the nearest.'"

"How altogether delightful! How charmingly natural!" and the hero helped himself to another sweet.

Lavina drew on her gloves and arranged her bonnet-strings. "I am humiliated to the last degree," she said, in a wounded undertone. "Providence sees fit to spare us for strange ordeals. I now see my path clearly; I shall go home and send in my resignation." Quietly and sorrowfully the moving spirit of the Spencerians crept away.

A pleasant half hour followed, and then Sir John made his adieu. "A delightful afternoon, Mrs. Gilmore," he said, taking the hand of his hostess in his. "An afternoon which I shall think of very often when I am shut in my dreary study at home, pondering over the serious side of life. My dear Mrs. Gilmore, how very delightful it is that we serious people can enjoy the sunny hours of life, and how very wise we are when we know that these sunny spots are the very brightest jewels we possess."

"You are right," said his hostess, "but to-day you have produced the sunshine and we are the happy creatures who have benefited by it. It was most kind of you to give us an hour of your busy life—and remind us how to be happy. I think we are all very liable to forget that happiness is a duty as well as a pleasure."

"Exactly, in the same way that the sun has a duty to perform and a pleasure to produce, and the one is dependent upon the other in the same way that one is a strengthener of the other. I am a great believer in all sorts of sunshine; it is good for the soul." And Sir John laughed heartily.

They stood for a moment at the threshold of the drawing-room, and then Sir John turned quickly. "By the way, I noticed one of the members whom I had wished to talk to quietly disappear; tall, elderly person—intellectual looking—possibly troubled with dyspepsia, as I noticed she partook of no refreshment. She has not returned—"

"Ah, to be sure," said Mrs. Gilmore, "it is our leader to whom you refer—Miss Oldgrave."

"A most intellectual woman, no doubt," said Sir John.

"Most, I assure you. She directs us in everything."

"No doubt a most estimable leader," said Sir John, thoughtfully; "elected, I daresay, by the members?"

"Exactly,"

"I think, Mrs. Gilmore, if I may venture to suggest," continued Sir John, "that it is wise in a young organization of this sort to select a new leader each year. You understand, by way of bringing out a variety of ideas and inspiring interest. Now, I should recommend Miss Archer for next year's leader."

"You surprise me," and Mrs. Gilmore raised her brows in astonishment.

"There is nothing," continued Sir John, "like the freshness of originality to inspire young people to study—original in the development of individuality. I have no doubt Miss Archer has studied and read little as yet—but it will come. Her mind is a veritable hot-bed of sparkling originality. Believe me, there is more to be gleaned from contact with such a spirit of life and buoyancy—coupled with a ready wit and budding genius—more, I say, than from one who has devoured the literature of the ages and which is lamentably too often the case—who has become a lifeless machine. All absorption and no inspiration. Ah, my dear madam, we can all absorb; the idea is to create—create, and creation can only come from within. It is life! It is soul!" He paused for a moment, and then said, quickly: "I trust I have not overstepped the mark. May I hope that you will think over what I have said?"

"The theater owes a great deal to the Shakespearean drama," said the girl with the pensive expression.

"Yes," answered the young man, "some of the best burlesques I ever saw were on 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo and Juliet.'—Washington 'Star.'"

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## The Example Givers of Newport.

ABOUT a year ago the Rev. B. Hamilton, an Episcopalian minister, lectured his fashionable flock at All Saints', Newport, on the divorce evil. It was regarded as a bold and sensational sermon because at that time there were several prominent divorcees in his congregation. It was thought that he was dealing in offensive personalities. The same preacher, after a long absence, returned to Newport the other day, and again started his flock. He spoke of the growing popularity of bridge whist in the smart set, and of the evils of gambling. His remarks betrayed a false estimate of the people that infest the little Rhode Island summer resort. He said to them:

"On account of the important position in several ways which Newport holds in the eyes of the people of this country, your life here is of most vital importance, not only for your sake, but because of your influence on the seventy-five millions of people who are looking to you for example for precedent."

That clerical gentleman is evidently laboring under the misapprehension that the eyes of the nation are fixed upon that purse-proud set of swells at Newport, and as the spiritual adviser of those would-be exclusives he no doubt feels that he is one of the great men of the country, and that he is exercising vast influence on the destinies of seventy-five million people. It is pleasant for them to be encouraged in their pleasant fancy by egotistical divines of the Rev. B. Hamilton stripe. The Rev. B. Hamilton has social aspirations of his own, for the full text of his sermon and a list of the distinguished people who heard it were in the New York newspaper offices the day before the lecture was delivered.

Bridge whist, the game denounced by Preacher Hamilton, has had much vogue this season at Newport. It is a most enticing game, and its popularity is destined to spread all over the country. The stakes played for in some of the Newport mansions would startle the most daring of professional gamblers. So great is the desire to fathom its mysteries that teachers of the game are in great demand and they are charging fancy prices for their services. More than one club man has gathered in sufficient profits to defray the expenses of the season.

"He called me a blithering idiot," stormed Codling. "What do you think of that?"

"I scarcely know," replied Poindexter. "What does 'blithering' mean?"

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### Dragon Fly and Mosquito.

The United States Department of Agriculture is now addressing itself to the mosquito problem, says the New York "World." There is no denying that of all the pests that prey upon man the mosquito is the most insistent, most exasperating and most widespread. It transforms some of the most beautiful spots in this land into infernos. It makes country life in summer a delusion and a snare. It despoils beauty and aggravates ugliness, ruffles the sweet-tempered and inflames the early to mad.

The Department of Agriculture has about decided that the way to get at the mosquito is by breeding its deadly foe, the dragon fly. It is said that the dragon fly is harmless to man. It is known that it will devour mosquitoes as a hot sun devours snow. So the proposal is to propagate dragon flies by the million wherever mosquitoes abound.

This sounds well and deserves encouragement. But a word of caution is not amiss. When the dragon fly shall have devoured the last mosquito, upon what will he feed? His jaws are cruel, his appetite insatiable, his agility incredible. Suppose that he were to turn upon his benefactor.

### Curious Bits of News.

A curious instance of the irony of fate may be witnessed just now at the Calcutta docks, where hundreds of Chinese carpenters, etc., are busily engaged preparing the transports to carry the enemies of their own country to their destination at Hong Kong.

Solomon no longer holds the record for church building "without the sound of the hammer." It has been done again in Chicago, where, according to "Invention," a vitrified clay church has been built without an inch of timber in the whole structure.

Mr. Fiske, a Yankee multi-millionaire, is reported to have devised an automobile office on wheels as a time-saver. He lives in a suburb an hour's ride from the city, and as time is money he utilizes the traveling period in attending to the demands of his business or to the exigencies of his toilet.

One of the most courageous marches ever taken was that of Colonel Willcocks, to Kumasi, and, according to "The Vegetarian," during the trying experience the whole party lived on bananas. On one occasion they even waded shoulder high through a river for two hours. Does anyone want a higher test of endurance on a vegetable diet than this?

Atlantic City's city marshal has been equipped with a baton, which, by the pressure of a button, transforms itself into an incandescent lamp. The marshal patrols the beach each evening and carefully inspects all the pavilions. Romantic young folk look upon this innovation as one more evidence of the incompatibility of science and love.

A feature of the St. Louis fair in 1903 will be a mammoth watch. It will lie on its back, will have a polished metal case just like the ordinary watch, and will be so large and roomy inside that people will be able to walk around in it, among the moving wheels. It will be nearly 75 feet in diameter, and more than 10 feet high, with neat little stairways running all about in it, and all the wheels properly protected so that no one can be hurt nor have his clothes soiled.

### Dorset Humor.

"Cerebellum Magazine"

AN unusual surname, but one well known in Dorset, is that of Homer. Curiously enough there is a hamlet in the county called Troytown, and not long ago one of the Homers lived there. Another respected member of the Homer family a few years since contested one of the county divisions, and "Punch," struck by the classic name, made humorous reference to the Homer family a local story goes that this same Mr. Homer, at a public meeting, feeling unwell, had suddenly to leave, when a local humorist remarked, "Homer's 'Odyssey' and another rejoined, "Homer's 'Iliad'."

Not long ago a gentleman of the name of Aldridge Devenish was the popular Mayor of Weymouth. Some new public buildings had been completed during his mayoralty, and at a council meeting held to make preparations for the ceremony of opening them, a town councillor indignantly asked "why the Mayor was so favored by having his initials A. D. carved in large letters before the date of the year."

Dorset, as is well known, is a great country for hunting, and every squire and many a yeoman ride to hounds. Of the Dorset squire it has been wittily said that he begins life with twelve horses and one child, and ends it with twelve children and one horse—a saying which contains at least a medium of truth. A story showing true devotion to sport is told of Press, the fine whip of the Blackmore Vale. One day he asked the M. F. H. for a day off, and inquiry being made as to why he wanted it, the reply was that he was going to get married. The M. F. H. very naturally suggested that he should take two or three days at least. But this he did not want at all; and when he was asked how he proposed to spend the one day he was proposing to get apart for his wedding, the answer was that he intended "to take the missus out for a drive with the sick hounds."

Canon Dayman, who for half a century was rector of Shillingstone, published in early life a metrical and scholarly translation of the "Inferno," and in later years for a long period represented a part of the diocese in the blissful realm of convocation. Amusing as well as learned, I remember his telling a story of one of his parishioners, whom he found, one cold, wet and windy night, standing shivering under the archway which spans the high road over which the Somerset and Dorset Railway runs at Shillingstone. Wondering what the man could be doing standing on a cold, wet night in the most draughty place imaginable, the Canon asked him what he did there, and the reply was, "Please, sir, I be going to sing bass next Sunday in the anthem, and I be trying to catch a hooze" (whoze).

Times were rougher in those days than now. "Hangings" were then looked forward to as a pleasant break in the dullness of life. Said an old Dorset shepherd, pointing to where the gibbet stood on the wild downs near Cranbourne, "A hanging was a pretty sight when I was a boy, for the Sheriff and jayvill men came a-horseback, and they all stopped for refreshment at the inn near by, as they'd come a long way, and we all had a drink." And did the man who was going to be hanged have anything to say? "For," yes, sir; as much strong beer as he liked, and we all drank his health; and then they hanged him, and buried him by the gibbet."

A widower in a somewhat prominent position in life had inscribed upon his late wife's tomb, "The light of mine eyes is gone from me." Taking unto himself a second wife with remarkable promptitude, a Dorset yokel scowled as his comment upon the text set forth upon the tablet, "But he soon struck another match."

Dorset cheese, locally known as "blue vinny," enjoys a doubtful reputation. When first made it is of the



Papa Spider—What is it, doctor?  
"Eight hundred girls and almost as many boys."—Life.

color and almost the consistency of the chalk which underlies the Dorset downs. After keeping a while it takes on a pale, blue veined (vinny'd) appearance, and becomes, though always hard, more palatable. William Barnes, after reading some of his poems one evening to a large gathering of the Dorset militia, propounded a riddle which went home to them. "Tell me, my men," said he, "why the Dorset militia is like blue vinny?" "Because," he added, "they'll both stand fire and never run." His joke at the unmelting moods of Dorset cheese was thoroughly appreciated. Another story about blue vinny relates how two Gillingham farmers differing as to the merits of blue vinny, the detractor of its qualities offered to bet the other a sovereign that he could not get two Dorset cheeses stolen. The bet being taken, it was arranged that at bedtime a cheese should be left on the doorstep when the house was locked up, to see if anyone would take it away by the morning. Next morning the cheese was gone, to the great delight of the baker of blue vinny, and the following night the second cheese was duly locked out on the doorstep. Next day, to his chagrin, both cheeses lay side by side on the doorstep.

A great character among the shepherds of Dorset was one "Nat" Seale. A solitary shepherd upon the downs of Dorset, through his long life of fourscore years and ten, he was brimful of native wit. Religious topics were not to his mind. The curate of Fordington, where the old shepherd spent the last few years of his life, tried on many occasions to get "Nat" to talk on religious subjects, but he always turned the conversation. At last one day the curate got him so far as to speak to him of Christ, when the old man, turning upon him, said: "Well, He were the Good Shepherd, weren't He?" The curate assenting, the old shepherd added with strong emphasis, "Well, I tell 'ee what I believe, I don't believe as one shepherd will ever round upon another shepherd," savouring something of the philosophy of Omar, the tent maker. "He's a good fellow, and I'll tell all be well." So ended this portion of their conversation, and not another word would the old shepherd say upon the subject.

### Squeezing a Miser.

THEY have a pretty way of dealing with close-fisted "Old Hunks" out in California. At the midsummer "jinks" of the Bohemian Club at Guerneville a pleasant prank was played on one Sidney M. Smith, one of the plutocrats of Bohemia, who likes the atmosphere because it assists him to imagine he is what he is not, but who finds it difficult to be a good fellow as good fellows go in clubdom. He was therefore selected as the star victim of a practical joke.

The perpetrators of the joke had attached several photographs to a tree and one of the pictures curled up from the bottom. When unrolled it revealed the words:

"THE DRINKS ARE ON ME." Every new-comer was lured to the tree and nearly every intended victim fell into the trap. About the time that Sidney Smith was expected a committee of one was appointed to take him in charge and subject him to the temptation of examining the picture. Owing to his reputation for cautiousness, it was decided to exercise subtle strategy, and for the majority of the members to keep under cover so as not to arouse his suspicion. It was also resolved, however, that in the

### Dr. Talks of Food.

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that, in my judgment, a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out, and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth."

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gain say but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Anyone who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured, and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." W. H. Conway, M. D., Pres. Athens, Ga., Board of Health.

event of his being caught he should be compelled to make himself a good fellow at as great expense as possible. Everybody was prepared to make Mr. Smith "blow himself" like a real Bohemian who had just fallen heir to a bank account.

The trap was set, and Mr. Smith was inveigled into it. He was a remarkably easy victim, and he was a surprisingly good-natured one, for he generously invited up to the bar the three or four gentlemen who had witnessed the occurrence. But before they reached the bar a bugle blast was blown. It was the signal to every man in the grove that Sidney M. Smith was about to treat, and it drew a speedy response. From out the recesses of the surrounding woods the thirty Bohemians poured, and in front of the bar they assembled. Even the brass band of twenty odd pieces fell in, and when Mr. Smith surveyed his guests his face wore a serious expression. The barkeeper said that the damage was in the neighborhood of thirteen dollars, whereupon Mr. Smith demurred. He denied having invited up such a host and finally signed a tag for five dollars, saying that that was all he would settle for.

The Bohemians had their revenge. That night when the circus, which was the low-jinks, was on, and Mr. Smith was seated among the spectators enjoying the show, an individual who was made up to resemble him so closely that he looked like the capitalist's double, jumped into the ring. Stealthily approaching Joe Redding, who was playing the part of the ringmaster, he announced in a stage whisper that he was none other than Sidney M. Smith.

"Is there anybody with you?" he asked.

"Nobody," was the reply.

"Are you all alone?"

"Yes."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes."

"Then come and have a drink with me."

This bit of satire was the hit of the performance.

Among the exports to the United States last week were seven thousand pounds of "Salada" Tea to Buffalo, nine thousand pounds to Detroit, and nine thousand pounds to Pittsburgh, and fifteen thousand pounds to Boston.

### Educated For Business.

The receipt of the new and handsome prospectus of the British American Business College of Toronto is a reminder of the attention that is paid in the present day to educating young men and women in the principles and practice of business. This college, now in its forty-first year, stands out as, perhaps, the best representative of a commercial college. The well-known principal, Mr. David Hoskins, C.A., a trained business teacher of many years' standing, has always been possessed of high ideals of what should constitute a business education. How these ideals have worked out in practice is very much in evidence in the fact noted in the college prospectus, that over two hundred students of the British American College are annually placed in situations with Toronto firms.

The college success is built on the thoroughness and practical nature of the teaching. The theories of business studies such as bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting, penmanship, are by no means overlooked, but it is reminded that young men and women when they enter business must go equipped with that practical knowledge that will enable them to at once fit into their positions. The success of the pupils of the British American Business College and the testimony that comes from leading firms in Toronto and elsewhere shows the success of the effort in this direction.

### A Weird Confession.

"TAY PAY" O'CONNOR has in his veins more than a grain of the supernaturalness that characterizes the Irish race. This comes out plainly in a confession Mr. O'Connor has just made in his charming paper.

"I have had a few times in my life a strange and weird glimpse of the future, which, if I were superstitious, I would ascribe to second sight or to some other supernatural cause. Once when I saw Fred Archer ride his last Derby, I was standing against the railings close to Tattenham Corner when the horses thundered past me. I had never seen Fred Archer, but his appearance was familiar to me from his photograph, and I recognized him at once as he passed, quickly as a flash of lightning. Never shall I forget that pale death's-head, with the eyes staring out, the mingled look of terror and resolution, the short, up-

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turned upper lip. It was like the passing of some ghost—or, perhaps I should say, banshee. The curious thing is that I wrote my impressions of this at the time. A few months after this Fred Archer died by his own hand, and the forecast seemed so remarkable that, without any suggestion from me, the paper in which my description appeared reproduced the description; and then it looked like some strange though unconscious and unintentional prophecy.

"I thought of this curious experience on the night when I heard the announcement that the House would be asked to vote its condolence with the people of Italy over the foul assassination of the King. For I saw the King of Italy just once, and in a glimpse almost as rapid and brief as that I had of Fred Archer. I was on the Pincian Hill—that beautiful eminence next the park which overlooks Rome. It is the spot where, as every visitor to Rome knows, the rank and fashion of Rome take their afternoon drives daily. It was in September—a dead month in Rome—and the carriages were few and far between. Suddenly I saw a certain slight commotion, a cavalierman or two riding past, then the taking-off of a few hats, and suddenly I became conscious that the Ruler of Italy was about to pass.

"In a second his carriage was rushing past. It was an open carriage, quite plain, with two horses, and in it sat the King, with but one companion—evidently a young equerry. I looked with all my eyes, and all at once I felt coming over me that strange, awful, icy feeling of death and disaster which I felt on that Derby Day, amid all its glare, bustle, and joy, as I saw Fred Archer fly past. And yet there was everything in the King—except one thing—to suggest a comeliness, a nerve, as easy as man's could be. For the King was talking eagerly—gesticulating broadly—taking off his hat with large Southern politeness, whenever anybody bowed to him. Yet did it all seem to me mere acting—over-acting—and the reason was those eyes of his.

"Strange, weird, memorable, unforgettable eyes they were—the more striking because they had a curiously familiar look—protruding, light-blue, with a certain vacancy, they were the eyes of Lord Randolph Churchill. There was this difference, however, that the eyes of the King had a wild, haunted, hunted look. And I said to myself, 'Beneath all this eager talk and broad gesture and simulated ease there is the terror—waking and sleeping, night and day—of the man who is haunted by the certainty of a violent end, who sees before his mind's eye some last hour, in blood, by dagger or by bullet—some such hour as that in which this soul has gone out to succumb to pain, and terror, and secrets!'

### Murphy's Intelligent Pup.

An Australian paper, the "Sydney Bulletin," tells this dog story: Murphy, when he lived in the bush, always shared his blanket with the pup, but when he shifted to town he had to break the pup of its old habit. First time he caught it in bed he kicked it out. Next time Toby heard him coming, and jumped up quickly; but Murphy was suspicious, put his hand on the bed and found it warm. Then there was trouble for one small dog. That day the pup earnestly watched Murphy cooling his dinner by blowing on it. Following day Murphy came home at usual time, sneaked quietly upstairs and observed the pup blowing on the bed for all he was worth. That pup is now in a circus and Murphy is a gentleman—the dog earns enough to keep 'em both!

### Hostility to the Motor Car.

The motor car is already provoking in many quarters something like the senseless hostility which attended the advent of the locomotive and the bicycle. An illustration of this occurred on the last bank holiday, and subsequently came before the magistrate at the Southwestern Police Court, London. A gentleman drove in a motor car from Richmond to Putney, at which place the rain compelled him to seek for shelter. The car was put up at a stable, apparently to the great disgust of the stablemen, who appeared to regard it with no friendly eye. Some hours later the gentleman, desirous of continuing his journey,

called for his machine, whereupon two of the stablemen, under the influence of drink, pinned him against the wall, and savagely assaulted him about the head and body "for not driving a respectable horse and cart." It is to be hoped that the fine imposed by the magistrate may somewhat modify their prejudices for the future.

### The Founder of the Fair.

MR. JOHN E. PELL takes exception to the statement made editorially in "Saturday Night" that the late J. J. Withrow was the father of the Industrial Exhibition, and, while not wishing to detract from the credit due Mr. Withrow (who was for years one of his Sunday school pupils) for his development of the Fair, Mr. Pell says that the title of father of the Exhibition can be applied, if to any single individual, only to the late Colonel Thompson of Dundas street. The Fair was originally quartered in Government House, says Mr. Pell, the castle being ranged along Simcoe street. Mr. Pell, who is now in his ninetieth year, himself managed the arts and manufactures department, but Colonel Thompson, he says, was the originator of the show. Mr. Pell shows us a curious bit of doggerel verse, published in "Punch in Canada," March 23rd, 1850, referring to his success in inducing the Earl of Elgin to donate a gold medal for the prize list:

### THE PELL MEDAL.

Renowned be the name of old John E. Pell,  
In rhyme let his greatness be told,  
He coaxed the Bruce to come out of his shell  
And to promise to give away gold,  
To give away gold! astonishing to tell;  
To give away gold! aye, twelve pounds ten—  
This feat must renew the name John E. Pell.

As that of the contest of men.

Sure, Watts with his engine in days of old,

And Fulton, who started the paddle,

Were not so ingenious in getting of gold

As John with his bee-letter twaddle.

For the pockets of Bruce, though guarded

As well,

Now yield to "mechanical skill!"

The prize should be given, renowned John

Be Pell—

It should be "Punch" had his will.

Now, Committee of Management, mark

me well,

And list to friend "Punch's" advice—

Adorn ye the medal with statue of Pell.

The reverse should bear the device of a

"This prize to him the generous Elgin

gives

Who both in genius excel,

In hopes it may urge him whilst he lives

To be forever glorious Pell."

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FOR SLOW SKIN.  
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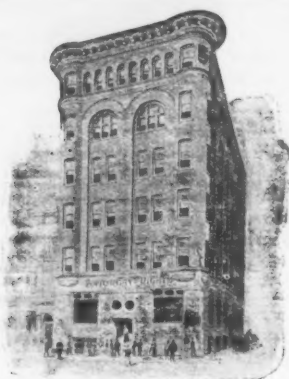


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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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I HAVE seen two dramatizations of Quo Vadis and neither was satisfactory. Both of them might have been had I never read the book. The feeling of disappointment is probably general amongst those who, having read Sienkiewicz's lurid story, have seen the play at the Grand this week. The dramatization of any novel in such a way as to produce a truthful and artistic effect is difficult, for the principles upon which the great novel and the great play are constructed differ radically. The dramatist presents his revelation of character through conversation and action. The novelist does this, but he does more, for where these are inadequate he falls back on description, dissection, analysis. His literary style forms an atmosphere for his story, and influences the vision of the reader. Moreover, he is not held down so rigidly as the dramatist, by the exigencies of arrangement and condensation. He can present a hundred or a thousand scenes if necessary, each separate and distinct, but all blending into one great picture. The dramatist cannot do this. As a rule, therefore, the dramatized novel turns out to be only a series of a few disjointed tableaux selected from many. The spectator who has been also a reader finds himself disappointed for this reason. But not only for this reason. He has formed his own conceptions of the characters—shadowy conceptions, perhaps, but still endowed with inalienable personality. In the play he gets



ARTHUR FORREST.

the conceptions of some other mind, or rather not complete conceptions at all, but only the halting, concrete embodiments of another mind's conceptions or mere compromises between the conception of the dramatist and that of the actor. He says to himself, "This is not my Petronius nor is that Lygia as I pictured her, nor is this Nero, the dull but kindly friend I had painted him." He is conscious throughout of disappointment. Instead of recognizing old friends and familiars he is amongst strangers who have no power to interest or to please. Should you go to see a play that has been modelled upon a novel, never read the book, I pray you, if you have not already done so.

Quo Vadis as presented at the Grand is superbly staged. The scenery is beautiful, the costumes elegant, the properties realistic. But after all it is only a series of disjointed tableaux—tableaux in some instances that are not to be found in the book, for the dramatist has been compelled to take liberties with the novelist's work. The company is not poor, but it is mediocre. The actors never succeed in illusionizing the audience. Nero, it seemed to me, was too much of a caricature—far more so than Sienkiewicz's picture of him, and that was far enough. Heaven knows, from the probable truth. Nero was not a clown, but a devil—an abandoned man in whom a moral nature had never had a chance to grow, but an Emperor for all that. He was unmoral rather than immoral. Mr. Lyons' characterization of the part never once got nearly up to this level. Petronius is more satisfactory, but I cannot imagine the real Petronius smiling, nay, almost laughing, in a miserable smart-Aleck, self-congratulatory way when he had said something particularly satirical and clever. On the whole, however, Mr. Forrest gives us a dignified and natural characterization of the arbiter elegantiarum. Verius is handsome, but inclined to rant. Tigellinus is a non-entity. Chilo Chilonides is as good as his much-cut role will permit him to be. Little Aulus acts with as much naturalness as most children on the stage. Poppaea looks her part. Lygia neither looks hers nor acts it. Eunice is what she should be, the sweetest and most self-repressed woman on the stage. Ursus is physically the giant we imagine him, while Glauco and Linus are uninviting enough in appearance and manner to cause one to cease to wonder that the Christians had so hard a road to hoe. The other characters are in the background. The chief criticism of the company, and one that applies with almost equal force to all its members, is that they can afford to draw it milder, to tone down their voices and actions rather, and so tone them up.

The very manifest faults of the company do not detract

from the magnificent setting of the play, which is worth going to see. It will continue at the Grand all next week.

Fashionable complaints such as hay fever and other mild forms of disease, have a successor just at the present time in what is known as "the Petronius fever." In its most virulent form it is not regarded as very dangerous, and is exclusively confined to members of the fair sex, its symptoms being asserted in the region of the heart. It is said, that young ladies of susceptible disposition have been known in other cities to contract this ailment to such an extent that they have been driven to sending bouquets and writing tender epistles to the "arbiter." In New York, where the matinee idol reigns supreme, Arthur Forrest occupied a high niche in the gallery of the matinee girls' immortals, and the stage entrance was found thronged at the conclusion of the afternoon performances with a crowd of fever-stricken maidens waiting for a chance to see their hero emerge in his street habiliments. Forrest's appeal to the fair sex lies in his magnetism and his clear cut classic features. He possesses a voice of velvet and the smooth, insinuating airs that have a particularly dangerous effect upon the female heart. In private life he is a great social favorite, having the facility to entertain with peculiar gifts of conversation and a suavity in manner that tests the susceptibility of his lady acquaintances. It is not likely that the Wednesday and Saturday matinees of Quo Vadis at The Grand will be largely recruited from those who have contracted "the Petronius fever." As for Forrest's affections, it is said that they are reposed in a fair singer of Paris, who visited New York last season, whose letters cross the big pond, as do those of the handsome actor, each week.

Ward and Vokes have been drawing crowded houses to the Toronto. The Floor-Walkers is as full of boisterous fun and catchy melody as it is devoid of common sense. After all it is perhaps the best kind of hot-weather show, for if people can't stand the atmosphere they can get up and go out without feeling that they have missed an essential development or logical connection. However, the heat has driven very few people away from the Toronto this week, and that perhaps is the highest testimonial to the pleasurable qualities of a show that does not pretend to be anything but funny and fulfills its mission to the top notch.

A word of compliment is due to Mr. Small on the head of the programmes he is getting out this year. They are the neatest issued by any of the Toronto houses—well-printed on superior paper and folded to a pleasingly proportioned size. A programme is a small thing, but it is in small things that thoroughness and the artistic instinct chiefly show themselves. A well-printed programme, pleasant to both the eye and the hand, adds something, I think, to the enjoyment of a show.

Shea's opening bill had magnetic qualities, as the large houses at the Yonge street theater this week have proved. The best contributors were Jordan and Welch, Hebrew caricatures; Julie Mackey, two of whose songs, "For Old Times' Sake" and "The Little Star Shining for You" were very pretty; Bunth, Rudd & Co., who gave a clever exposure of some well known tricks of magic and who have the best trained bull-dog I have seen; and the Martell Family, father, mother, and two little tots, a boy and a girl, in fancy bicycle riding. The Blondelles, in their Kid sketch, were a bit vulgar at times, though very funny too. The Bachelor Club, a sketch, was not up to much, and McCale and Daniels, "Irish Tourists," ought to get something new. McPhee and Hill gave a good horizontal bar performance, but Toronto audiences have seen much better.

Thus does "The Frivolous Girl" tell me her impressions of the new stock company at the Princess:

"I went to see The Jilt at the Princess this week and I was so glad to see a play again that I could hardly be bothered wondering whether the acting was good or not. They say you shouldn't criticize a stock company the same way you would criticize a touring company with stars and such things, but really, I don't see why you shouldn't. But I have noticed that a stock company strikes a better average for ability among them, and their presentations are usually more level in merit. The Valentine Stock Company is very good anyhow. I specially liked Kate Blanche, the woman with the big eyes, and Anne Blanche, the ingenue, is really cute. As for the play itself, I really haven't time to tell about the play, but it's such a piquant title that you won't mind much, I'm sure."

One of the most marvelous uses to which electricity has been put in stage craft is shown in the third act of Charles H. Yale's The Evil Eye, which commences a week's engagement at the Toronto Opera House next Monday afternoon, September 3. One of the promised features of the production is the "butterfly" ballet, in which a group of young ladies, garbed in rich costumes, containing tiny incandescent lamps, go through the mazes of a dance, each one a cluster of electric lights. The electrical arrangements provided to produce the ballet are very interesting. A huge storage battery supplies the current and cables run from it to the rigging above. Here the cables are connected with wires which hang down in the centre of the stage to the floor, each being concealed by a garland of roses. A small wire netting, to which are attached the little electric lamps, covers each dancer, and the current is controlled by the young ladies, whose hands are protected whilst grasping the wires concealed in the strings of flowers. The invention is the work of P. C. Armstrong, who personally manipulates the varying effects at every performance. As an attraction for the second week of the Fair The Evil Eye will probably prove a big drawing card. The usual matinees will be given with a special on Monday afternoon, Labor Day.

Favor and Sinclair, in the laughable sketch, "The McGuire's," will return to Shea's Theater next week. Edward M. Favor in the dual roles of T. M. McGuire, the honest plumber, and Gilhooley, the missing link, is always amusing. Smith and Campbell, the fast talking comedians, have just returned from England, where they are said to have made a big hit. Sager Midgeley and Gertie Carlisle have a kid specialty. Wood and Shepard, musical comedians, the Chicago Ladies' Quartette, Rice and Elmer, acrobats, and Violet Dale, dancer, will be on the bill.

### Outdoor Pastimes.

HE big bills run up in connection with the fitting out of the challenger and defender in last year's international yacht race, gave rise to a good deal of moralizing on the cost of modern yachting, and the statement was frequently made that the pleasures of wind and water were becoming a part of the heritage of rich men. Anyone who has lived in Toronto, or for that matter anywhere along the Great Lakes, knows that this is not the case. Indeed, a great deal more sport may be had out of a small, cheap craft than a large and costly one. In a magazine article entitled "Yachting in Little Boats and Big," Mr. A. J. Kenely has several good words for the raceabout or knockabout as compared with the 70-footer. The big 70-footers Mineola, Virginia, Rainbow and Yankee each cost, roughly speaking, \$35,000 in sailing trim, and the prime cost of such a craft, though high, is not the least of the financial burdens imposed on the owner. They are racers from truck to fin and are incapable of cruising for pleasure as ordinarily understood. Just as good sport, if not better, can in Mr. Kenely's opinion, be got out of a dory or other cockleshell as out of these big racing machines of the millionaires. The knockabout, he maintains, is by no means adapted solely for lady's weather. "A sturdy little craft, I

promise you, staunch and seaworthy when lake or ocean is stirred up by a fierce and sudden summer squall that makes the wave crests leap and laugh. Capable, too, I maintain, when caught on a lee shore in a heavy blow, if properly snugged down and handled with seamanlike skill. . . . Frankly, I believe that there is more real pleasure to be had in a sturdy wholesome knockabout or raceabout than in a crack 70-footer. And there is no doubt that the art of boat sailing, as well as those of practical seamanship and navigation, can be better acquired in a little vessel than in a large one. The knockabout must on no account be looked upon as a mere nautical toy, as some persons sneeringly regard her, but as a capital little seaboat and speedy withal. . . . My conclusion is that not only cruising but racing is within the reach of an ordinary mortal, and that the millionaire has neither a corner in the sport nor a monopoly of it. It is open practically to all, and for this I am duly thankful."

Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons regret to be compelled to postpone their lawn bowling tournament for one week, to September 6th, 7th and 8th. This course is necessitated by the impossibility of securing hotel accommodation, either on this side of the river or in Detroit, for the dates intended. During that week the Knights of Pythias will be in convention in Detroit, a gathering of unusual proportions, and the Canadian branch of the order convenes at the same time in Windsor. It was learned that rooms for six rinks only are all that it is possible to get, which left no alternative but a postponement, unwelcome as that always is.

The death of Lord Russell, of Killowen, is sincerely and deeply lamented on the turf, for he was usually present at the principal meetings, and he was an excellent judge of horses and of racing, while his genial manners made him a great favorite among all who knew him. Lord Russell succeeded Lord Brampton as standing counsel to the Jockey Club, and some years ago he became an honorary member of that society, and the stewards were often indebted to him for very sound advice. He bred a few horses, but never achieved any decided success in that line.

I am told that a single Canadian factory has manufactured this season 14,000 wheels for the home market, entirely apart from its output for foreign markets. A trade journal estimates the total American "output" of bicycles for the past year at about eight hundred and fifty thousand wheels. More than one hundred thousand were exported, and about seven hundred thousand were reserved for home consumption. Yet the bicycle is now no novelty. It looks as if the people who have supposed and declared that wheeling was merely a temporary fad would have to own themselves beaten, and aim their dismal predictions at the motor-cycle and the automobile. Yet there is no doubt the wheel is ridden less for pleasure and for sport than formerly.

Of Tod Sloan's victory in the Futurity the New York "Tribune" says: "Sloan rode Ballyhoo Bey superbly. It was a splendid triumph for the boy. And John E. Madden, keenest and shrewdest and sharpest of turfmen, had trained Ballyhoo Bey to the second. The colt was in the most lustrous condition imaginable, an entire and perfect chrysolite of the art of a Michael Angelo, among trainers. And



JAMES TOD SLOAN.

Sloan's work in the saddle gladdened the soul of every witness who knows what artistic jockeyship is in its most delicate and supreme development. The contrast between Sloan and Henry was like the contrast between Shakespeare and Belasco on the stage. No doubt poor little Henry did the best he could. But the boy is out of place in the saddle in drag races. His proper work is in a stable is shaking down the straw in the boxes, or he might be useful on a farm in throwing stones at the crows in the corn."

The visiting Philadelphia cricketers made a bad beginning of their tour by being defeated at Hamilton by 70 runs. Hamilton's victory was undoubtedly due to the finished bowling of Counsell and McGivern. If the Phillies started out badly, however, they more than pulled themselves together on Tuesday, when they beat the Parkdale Club by 139 to 111. The batting of Mason (31), Bohlen (48), and Le Roy (21), gave the Quakers a long lead. The visitors did not show themselves, however, to be decidedly superior to their opponents, who, with a little better luck and a little more sand, would have shown to much better advantage. As this page goes to press the Philadelphians are playing Upper Canada College past and present, and it is hoped that out of some of the coming fixtures of the visit Canada will get at least one victory.

It is generally conceded that the fine bowling of F. S. Chambers, getting 8 wickets for 61 runs against a team like the Philadelphians, dispels any doubts there may have been as to his selection on the international eleven this year. He also fielded well and made top score for Parkdale. A. G. Chambers, who made 18 runs, will certainly be selected again.

Jack Counsell's score of 101 not out at Guelph was one of the finest batting performances of the cricket season. Taken in conjunction with his superb bowling at Hamilton on Monday, this shows what an all-round man Counsell is on the cricket field. He was never in better form than this year. Though erratic and uneven as a bowler, it is quite true to say that when he is at his best he is practically unplayable.

It really seems too bad that neither in lacrosse nor in baseball can Toronto manage to pull out a championship. Of course championships are not the be-all and end-all of sports, but so long as they are the reward of proficiency they will be worth coveting. Baseball players are not recruited in this country, but lacrosse players are, and with such a large and enthusiastic athletic community to draw upon it ought to be possible for the local lacrosse teams to make a better showing. In rowing also we are not living up to our reputation and our possibilities. It remains to be seen how we shall fare in football this autumn. The lacrosse and baseball people do too much talking, considering their performances.

The weekly sports of the Toronto Swimming Club, held Saturday afternoon at Hurlan's Point, resulted in the discovery of a new fast swimmer, Joseph Wilson winning the two yards handicap all his own way in remarkably fast time. At the end of the race 25 yards separated him from the next man. C. H. Butler was second and G. H. Corson and E. Wilkins tied for third. Time 87 seconds.

"She really sang quite nicely," remarked the Cuckoo, after she had been to hear the Nightingale one evening. "but I found her just a little monotonous."—From the Proverbs of Pilgosh.

### Golf.

IN the finals of the Wambeck Club at Jefferson, N.H., last week, by a coincidence the competitors were Mrs. A. B. Cobb and her fourteen-year-old daughter. The former won by 3 up and 2 to go. Apropos of women golfers, it has long been an open secret that Miss Sybil Whigham has repeatedly beaten John Reid, jr., over the Prestwick links on even terms. The finals for the women's championship are being played to-day. The best "American" talent will be seen at Shinnecock Hills this afternoon.

A number of games have been introduced of late, such as garden and croquet golf, but have not been taken up universally. Numerous contrivances have also been devised for restricting the flight of golf balls, in order that driving might be practiced within a small lawn limit. All of these devices, either for the perfection of the game or to satiate the golfing fiend's craving for the sport at all times, have in one way or another fallen short of the ideal. An English invention has recently been put upon the market, which carries out the above requirements to a greater degree than any previous one. Within a circular box of about nine inches in diameter is enclosed a tempered spring, which can be compressed by the revolution of a crank. The machine being pinned to the ground, a golf ball connected with the crank by a short length of stout cord is tied, and struck with a driver in the usual way, and by means of an index the force communicated by the pull of the cord on the spring is registered. The approach shots are played in the same way, the force being regulated to the distance required as in the drive. The putting green can be made with a rug, the hole being a metal ring somewhat resembling a quoit. The only shortcoming of the machine appears to be that one cannot tell whether a ball is pulled or sliced. With the aid of a good map of a course, showing



R. H. STRATH.

accurately the distances, bunkers, greens, etc., not only a first-rate game can be played indoors, but exceptionally good practice and accurate play may be indulged in. The Messrs. Anderson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, have the credit of placing this device before the golfing world. An interesting test of it was made at Messrs. Anderson's establishment under the shadow of old St. Paul's. Champion Taylor and the famous J. Braid, of Romford, were matched to play. The course of the London Scottish Club at Wimbledon was reproduced on a plan, and with a large number of spectators, a good game followed. Braid seemed to be able to adapt himself more to the machine than did the champion, and won by 6 up and 5 to play. A handsome purse was at stake. The game took over an hour, and all who witnessed the round state that the invention fills a long felt want.

Mr. D. W. Baxter spent the week's end with his people at Burlington, returning to town on Tuesday.

The interest of all Canadian golfers is to-day centered on Quebec, where Canada and the United States are battling for supremacy in the royal and ancient game. The home team is the strongest aggregation that has yet been called together for international golf, and hope runs high that victory may perch itself upon the colors of the Dominion. The Royal Canadian Golf Association has made a good selection beyond doubt, and though there are a few names that are noticeably absent from the list—men who, beyond question, deserve a place on the team—yet one or two of these have had the offer and have had to decline. The team is: Vere C. Brown, Geo. S. Lyon, A. W. Smith, W. A. H. Kerr, W. H. Blake, Percy Taylor, K. R. Macpherson, Gordon Macdougall, Canon Von Iffland, and McGreevy. It will be seen that Ontario supplies five out of the ten that make up the team, and those five hail from Toronto. Smith, Kerr and Blake are of the Toronto Club, and Brown and Lyon of Rosedale. Taylor, Macpherson and Macdougall represent Montreal, and Von Iffland and McGreevy, Quebec. Mr. Kerr has been appointed captain of the team. The two Quebec men will have a distinct advantage, through playing on their own course, and the other members of the team have had an extra day's practice on the links. Messrs. Kerr and Blake went up from Murray Bay, where they have been spending their vacation, keeping themselves in good trim, however, over the Murray Bay course. Taylor is the strongest Montreal man and is in first-class shape, as he intends making a strong bid for the amateur championship at the end of the month. Both Macpherson and Gordon Macdougall are playing steady, even games. Though they do not rank before Strath, Baxter or Hood, of the Rosedale Club, their familiarity with the Quebec course entitles them to their places in the present instance. Brown and Lyon are both in first-class shape, though Lyon is beginning to feel the effects of an attack of hay fever from which he is suffering. The veteran A. W. Smith is not feeling at all on his mettle and says that he has no business to be handicapping the team. No Canadian team would, however, be complete without this grand old golfer, who may be said to be the father of the game in Canada, and even on a decidedly off day can play the majority of our scratch men to a standstill.



G. S. LYON.

Up to the time of going to press the United States team had not been completed, though Secretary R. Bage Kerr may be depended upon to send a very representative lot. There has been a feeling that so little interest has been taken in this match in the States, owing to the severe defeat of Canada last year, that no trouble would be taken this year to get a particularly strong team together. If this turns out to be a correct assumption, it would not be a surprise if the "Americans" were caught napping.

The Quebec course has had a great deal of attention given it during the past few weeks and is now showing the fruit of it. The tees and fair greens are in capital shape, and the putting greens are firm and true. The course consists of only fifteen holes, the last three being played over again. Findlay Douglas, on a former visit to the historic course, said that some of the greens were the best that he had ever played over.

HAZARD.



## Bending the Twig.



As a boy he had always been told he was to be a minister when he got to be a big man. A normally constituted child has no very clear notion of what being a minister may mean—except that it is to be awfully good and somehow different from other people. The average boy would not like his dad to be a minister. Even the children of the parson as a rule cherish the wish, more or less secretly, that their dad were a street car conductor, or a steamboat captain, or a teamster, or any old thing, like other children's dads.

The ministers this boy knew all wore black clothes even in the hot summer, and one of them talked a great deal every Sunday morning about atonement, salvation, and other things that were Greek to the child's mind, and made him first restless and then sleepy in the pew, by his mother's side. The boy didn't like Sunday because he couldn't play, and didn't like preachers because they were different from his pa. But his ma, who knew almost as much as pa and was far kinder, said he was to be a preacher when he got to be a big man. That settled it. He accepted the arrangement with unquestioning fatalism—quite pathetic in one so young. His mother always told visitors that "Willie was to be her gift to God and the church, and she prayed he would be a great preacher and save many souls some day."

Now Willie had no desire to save souls. He only wanted to be a big strong man like his pa and Uncle Ben and Brother Tom, with a dog and a walking-stick, and ever so many twenty-five cents. He did not demur at the oft-repeated purpose of his mother, for it had worn itself into the very texture of his little mind, and anyway he knew his mother was the best person in all the world. But he couldn't understand why he should have been picked on for such a fate, and thought it a bit strange and unjust. It weighed on him in his play, and threw the least little shadow over boyish pranks that should have been untinted with self-consciousness. When other boys were telling about the great things they were going to do when they were grown-up men, it pained this boy to admit that he was to be a minister. He pictured himself in a high pulpit and an ugly black gown, giving out hymns and talking ever and ever so long about atonement, salvation, repentance and punishment. The picture would worry him at odd times, and almost scared him when he was alone in his little cot and the light was fading into darkness.

As he grew, the weight and the shadow did not increase, for he became more and more accustomed to his sombre prospect; but the thing made him self-conscious. He, with the other boys, he momentarily forgot himself and indulged in the least mischief, a voice seemed to say: "You little sinner and hypocrite! You are going to be a minister; you are better than these wicked boys, or you should be. Yet you are not ashamed to be with rude companions and to share in their naughtiness."

His mother sometimes talked to him solemnly about duties and privileges, and about his future as a man. He was to be an example to others and to influence many lives for good. His mission would be the saving of souls and the bringing of sinners to repentance. He loved his mother, but he always dreaded these solemn talks. Yet he was forced to pretend an interest and enthusiasm he did not feel, for he would not have hurt his mother for all the world. And thus was the spirit and practice of cant introduced subtly into his life, and fostered day by day and year upon year.

By the time he was ready to go to college he was hated by his fellows as a prig and by himself as a hypocrite. His natural candor had been slowly warped into an unconscious assumption of superiority over his friends and the world generally. For the thought that he was set apart for a peculiar purpose had been instilled into him so long and steadily, he could only by miracle have escaped its damaging reaction on his character. Yet with this self-righteous conceit, an aversion to the vocation that seemed to have been marked out inevitably for him welled up in his heart again and again; while a certain trick of posing and of masking had become a part of his unconscious deportment.

At college he was a more than average man in the classroom—a decidedly inferior and unpopular man outside. When he completed his theological course three years ago, the professors prophesied a great career for him; and his mother was a proud woman to hear from the Rev. Dr. Driedon himself that William was the best man in Old Testament exegesis he had ever had in his classes, while in elocution he was inferior to none.

The Rev. William Cashman is preaching to a wealthy congregation in a large Ontario town. He is exactly what his childish fancy portrayed—an "awfully good" man, who wears black clothes, expounds such subjects as atonement, repentance and punishment out of a high pulpit and a black gown every Sunday, and is "somehow different from other people." This vision of himself has still power to terrify at times, but he succeeds in laughing disagreeable feelings down, and falls back on the efficacy of pose.

People say "What a successful preacher this Rev. Mr. Cashman is!" But there is one person who knows in his heart that away back in childhood, the one who loved him best was the means of forcing him far from the road to success and happiness.

## Mrs. Cassidy's Corner.

MET Mrs. Cassidy in the market very early on Tuesday morning, her face calm as a summer moonrise and her eyes as bright as a girl's. "How am I, Miss, dear? Oh, I'm finely, thanking you, an' bairn! The bad disappointment of yesterday I couldn't complain." This was this way, Miss, dear. I've a lot of time on my hands just now, an' I spind it lookin' at the papers. I'm come to that point, however, that I'm doubtin' if 'tisn't wiser to waste it some other way. So the paper was talkin' about General O'Grady-Haly, and that he'd come to the Fair, an' thinks I to myself, I'd like to have a look at him. Cornelius knows all about him an' his people. 'Tis a nice man he'd be, he says, an' I'd be the last to object, Molly, to your goin' to the Fair to look at him, he says. 'Ye can take the little fellow for a chaparron.' So little Con an' me went early, an' it was that hot, Miss, dear. An' we saw the gentlemen atin' luncheon, fer I know the head waiter, and little Con had a ride on the photograph railroad. What's that Miss, dear, the 'miniature,' is it? Well I knew 'twas something about a photograph place. 'Tis all the same. An' then we went to see General O'Grady-Haly. Ye know how hot it was. I ast ivery policeman I know where was the General, an' ivery way of him told me another place than where I was. We walked an' we walked, an' the little fellow at last got up. 'Granmother,' says he, 'wouldn't maybe the Boers have got him prisoner?' says he, an' then, 'Granmother, if we don't find General O'Grady-Haly betune here and that cow-stable,' says he, 'I'm goin' to cry!' That settled it; I didn't want to have a disturbance, maybe just when the General would be passin', so, says I, 'Hush, little Con,' says I, 'don't cry till we get past the stables an' may be to the Machinery Hall, an' to-morrow I'll buy you a Kruger pig.' says I, 'an' we can blow it up fer yer daddy to laugh.' So little Con held up, an' we went on our search.

"At last we got up, the both of us, an' I ast a gentleman with a souvenir pin an' a bit of ribbon on his coat where-ever was the General at all. An', says he, 'In his bed,' says he. 'They gev him a send-off at Ottawa last night and the heat's too much for him,' says he. 'But Mrs. O'Grady-Haly's here,' says he. 'Would ye like to see her?' Cornelius knew nothing about her, fer I ast him, so I said no. 'But the General's gettin' better fast,' says the souvenir-ribbon gentleman. 'We'll have him out to-night, Ma'am,' says he. 'On yer word?' says I, 'fer 'tis a long way home and back.' 'Oh, certainly, an', says he, 'if you'll look out fer me, I'll see you get a good sight of the General, an'

## A Kick Against the Summer Girl.



Widower Hiram.—By gosh! them comic papers is all cheats. Here I've been at this place for three hours, at ent sixty-five cents, an' I ain't engaged ter be married yet.

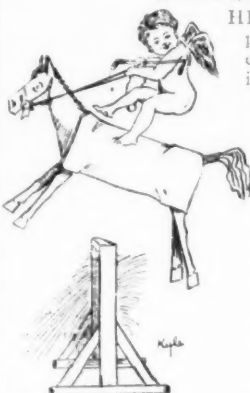
maybe a shake hands,' says he. So home I went and had my, and put little Con to bed, an' back I kem, wid Molly, an' looked fer the souvenir-ribbon gentleman. Pretty soon I saw him, 'all right,' says he, 'kape close to me,' says he, eyeing Molly, in her new green hat. 'You're anxious to see General O'Grady-Haly, too, Miss?' says he, laughin'. Molly gev him one of her looks an' he wilted. 'I thought maybe he was cousin to you,' says he, stammerin'. 'Tis the fashion to be cousin to ivery Irishman of note nowadays. They say Lord Roberts has whole streets full of relations in Toronto, an' Kitchener an' Baden-Powell, an' so I've no doubt has the new General, if you give 'em time to find it out,' says he. 'But you stick close to me, Miss,' says he to Molly, 'an' kape your eye on your mother an' don't lose her, till we round up the General,' says he.

"May I never be stuck close to such a movable man again! First we thrashed him to the grand stand, then he'd business in the main buildin'." In two seconds we saw him makin' fer the turnstiles, an' before you get yer breath he was headin' fer the lake. I'm not the figure, Miss, dear, fer a rapid transfer, an' finally I got so I couldn't step, let alone run. 'There he goes,' says Molly, 'You sit here, mother, an' I'll follow him,' an' away she went, an' that's the last I saw of her! I sat an' I sat, until I was fallin' asleep, an' I just shut me eyes a second when I got a poke in the side, an' there was one o' them fresh policemen, an', says he, 'Move on,' says he. 'But I mustn't,' says I. 'I'm waitin' fer Molly to find General O'Grady-Haly, an' she's away after the souvenir-ribbon man,' says I. 'She's drunk,' says the policeman, 'an' crazy,' says he. 'Sure, woman alive, the General's in bed,' says he, 'dinin' with company,' says he, 'an' he's got a sunstroke,' says he. 'An' he's not here at all. Come away with me,' says he. 'Tis closin' time, an' most of the crowd's away,' says he. 'I'll put you on a car, and you'll go quiet,' says he. 'Lave me help you to rise up,' says he. I rose up, an' I gev him my mind—the red-headed Wexford rascal, (savin' yer grace) and we med up, an' oh, Miss, dear, can I iver tell you, he ped me fare home on the last car, an' Molly an' Con searched the town fer me, until one o'clock this blessed mornin', fer Molly had the pocketbook, an' divil a cent had I! An' General O'Grady-Haly an' me'll never be friends if he lives till Methusalem, Miss, dear, fer he's not worth it, do you think so yerself?"

AMANDA.

## Some Modern Transportation Problems.

(From a Spinster's Viewpoint.)



HE is young enough to wish to impart information, I am old enough to pretend to receive it, so the other day I heard all about the "Progress of the Age," especially in the matter of public conveyances. But I do not agree with my friend, Archibald J. Jones, Barrister-at-Law. To my mind there has not been progress, and street-cars in general and trolley-cars in particular are the bane of the age.

To begin with, people travel about the city much too easily. They come to see one on a word and there is no excuse for not returning their call, because "the cars are so convenient." Friends "pop in" and interrupt one at all hours without compunction, and the benefit of living two miles away from one's relations is nullified now that they can come and inspect one whenever they feel so inclined. Again, people desert their parish church on a Sunday in favor of the crowded fashionable one of the hour—to which I myself belong—because "the cars are so fast" that it takes little more time to come to it. And one does all sorts of unnecessary shopping because one takes the cars down-town with so little trouble that the slightest excuse serves for going, and so one runs needlessly into temptation. While if one does wish to have a pleasant drive about the city, or to show strangers some of the principal streets, or to have a spin on a bicycle, the cars are in the way and make one's life a burden and one's heart a jumping-jack.

However, the worst evil of all is the pernicious effect that the habit of constantly using the trolley-cars produces on the moral nature of man, more especially of woman. I myself have ridden day after day with the same people, and have been shocked, nay, saddened, to see the gradual deterioration in their looks, their conversation, and, above all, in their manners, caused by the deadly trolley-cars. It is one of the most painful processes one can observe—and I always notice it.

In the first place, the selfishness engendered is pitiful. One young man, who for five mornings gave up his seat to me—at first with a smile and bow, latterly with impatient haste—on the sixth day utterly refused to see me, though I stood right in front of him for three blocks at least; and

he, a young clerk, while I, though not old, that is, not old-looking, am a fragile flower of womanhood.

One female, the mother of a large family, who took everlasting shopping trips, contracted the abominable habit of stumbling in and out of the car, pretending that the swinging had upset her. She fell on me once, and I can tell you I glared at her until she crimsoned painfully.

A young lawyer looked quite respectable for a time, with his business-like new grip always in his hand, but one day it opened and I peeped and saw only two wicked yellow novels inside; and soon he began to read magazines in the car quite openly.

And that's another thing. Old men sitting next me read books or newspapers, and as soon as I get really interested, they turn over the pages without the slightest consideration for their neighbors.

So many people use their temper on the car, and sometimes they swear out loud. One old gentleman made a terrible fuss simply because he had lost his purse, and another stormed because he had forgotten to take a transfer on his last car.

Foreigners get on and gesticulate or try to explain in their absurd language; and market-women standing, clump down their dirty baskets next one's feet; and one person with a child actually caught hold of me to help her on, though I tugged away from her.

Indeed, car-manners are dreadful. I have actually known men to watch unconcernedly while I climbed on to the car quite unaided and loaded with bundles; and I have seen mothers allow their little children to keep their seats when grown-up people had to stand, as if we were not bigger than they!

It is pretty evident that some steps should be taken, or there is no saying what will come of the trolley-cars. They might be abolished entirely, but then people like ourselves would miss them. If all foreigners or strangers, poor people, persons with baskets or babies, children, and old men, young men or business men, were prohibited strictly from riding on the trolleys, it might do some good. Then we should be able to use and to enjoy them. A. SPINSTER.

## The Rain Bird.



AMONGST the backwoodsmen, prospectors and miners of British Columbia the belief is prevalent that the call of the swamp robin (*Hesperocichla naevia*), or, as it is named by them, the "rain bird," invariably betokens the approach of heavy or wet weather. The first time that I had an opportunity of hearing the queer notes of this denizen of the Western forests, was on the occasion of a visit to a mining camp, situated in the midst of a typical British Columbia

jungle, where the underbrush is so densely matted and intertwined and so plentifully provided with thorny and stinging growths as to render anything like speedy progress through it simply out of the question. Lying awake shortly after daybreak, in the log cabin in which the "boss" and one or two others "bunked," I heard what at first I took to be the notes of a flagolet in the hands of some learner, who I thought must be extremely anxious to master that instrument to be up and playing at that unearthly hour. But the monotonous repetition of the sounds soon made it clear that the musician was a feathered tenant of the bosky shades around the hut. The call of this bird is composed of three notes, of a fluty cadence, and ascending in regular chromatic gradation, with an interval of thirty or forty seconds between each note, the last pipe being a shrill, metallic tremolo, ending abruptly. The first two notes are distinctly legato movements, and quite plaintive; while the third, or highest, is uttered crescendo, in a piercing treble. I was told that the bird, if disturbed and frightened away during the performance of its song, will invariably complete it when it has a chance to rest again, instead of beginning the whole call over. The men in the bunk house assured me that rain would surely fall some time during the day if the rain bird had been calling frequently early in the morning. But this must be a woodland fallacy, for not a drop followed the maternal serenade which I have described. On my pointing out this failure of the weather to obey the signs, the miners replied that it were not raining in this camp it would be pouring somewhere round the shoulder of the hill. The interesting songster, whose peculiar notes have given rise to this harmless piece of superstition, is a very modest, indeed, shy little fellow, although quite common in the woods and often to be seen along roads near woods. It is about the size of the ordinary thrush, and the plumage is as sober as the song which is its stock-in-trade. On the back it is a slaty-brown with faint fleckings of rusty tint appearing here and there. The breast is of dull orange, with a black ring round the neck. Yet, although a very Quaker for sobriety of costume, the rain bird's call is one of the oddest to be

heard in the North American forests, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that

"The melancholy menace of its tone" has led the dwellers in the woods to ascribe to the harmless fowl some mysterious influence over the elements.

Vancouver.

T. L. GRAHAME.

## Love and the Heroine.



A Stranger confronted the Heroine when, much to her surprise, she found that in stepping lightly from one erotic chapter to the other she had missed her footing, and landed in vagueness. Things had been going very smoothly up to a moment before. Her flirtations required just enough of her to be interesting, and the climax was yet well in the distance. And then this provoking thing happened, and this queer mortal—or was he spirit?—was asking her questions, and actually wanting to know where she was going.

"I am trying to find the next chapter," she announced, and a shade of anxiety crept into her voice. "Won't you tell me how to get back again? I stepped off so foolishly in the most interesting part, and it will inconvenience some people dreadfully if I keep them waiting any longer."

"I see. You want your next page," the Stranger said, with sympathy. "It's so fortunate that I happen to have it with me."

"Not really?" she cried, delightedly. "Is it possible that page 230 got loose, and that you found it?"

"You are under somewhat of a misapprehension, I think," he answered, courteously. "The book ends at page 230. The rest is blank."

She looked surprised for a moment and then a light broke over her face. "Oh, of course it would be a blank without me!"

"Of course!" he assented, simply.

"Well, but I must get back at once, and I wish you would help me."

"What were you at, if I may ask?" the Stranger enquired. "Falling in love, I think," she answered, dubiously.

"But I can't remember whether with Jack or Ned."

"How did you feel?" The voice came low and soft as if from a great distance. "Unless you can explain your symptoms I am afraid I can't help you back to Ned or Jack. Moreover, it's important that you should be quite sure which one it was."

The Heroine strongly objected to this. In the first place, she could not for the life of her remember which one it was, though she knew she had been desperately in love with some one; and in the second place—"It's the uncertainty that is the charm," she said, almost crossly. "It's very evident you don't know how to write a book that will entertain your readers. And that reminds me—my poor readers! They will be in despair, for if I am out of it, and the pages are blank, they can't look at the back to see which I marry, and they will be so annoyed!"

"But I thought it was Art to break off in an exciting place and to keep the denouement a mystery," the Stranger said.

"Yes, but most women will look ahead. And then what's the good of the art? But I don't blame them much. They are so interested in my career, you see."

"It would be a pity if it were cut short, wouldn't it?" he said, musingly. "It really is my fault, I am afraid, that you find yourself in your present peculiar position. I interrupted the author, and quite forgot that you had any feelings. I never even guessed you had fallen in love. To be quite frank, I thought I could show the author how he ought to write about—"

"They all think that," she flashed out, suddenly. "Even people who have never written a line."

"Very true," he said. "I don't write myself with pen and ink, but, like the rest, I know just how the thing ought to be done."

"You ought to run a newspaper," she said, scathingly. "I quite often see my name in print, there," he replied. "But it's such a common one that I often get my identity mixed."

"By the way, you haven't told me your name?"

"Why, neither I have!" he said, surprised. "But as you haven't guessed it I will start from your first interruption."

"When you interrupted me?"

"Just so. I drew the author's attention to a little incident in his own life that I thought might help to teach him to write better."

"About me?"

"On the contrary, about me. And he grew so interested that I am afraid he has quite forgotten about you."

"Forgotten me? Impossible! Do you mean to say he won't finish the book? That I can't go on to the next chapter? Why, where is he? What is he doing?"

"Falling in love," And the Stranger smiled. "He went further than you did, and there are no blank pages. This is the last." And he drew from the folds of his robe a sheet of "copy."

"Oh, let me see it, do!" cried the Heroine. "I would love to know whom he married."

But the Stranger hurried from her, saying in absent-minded fashion as he wrote: "Excuse me, but this is the last page and for once I have got ahead of a woman. I am writing 'finis.'"

The Heroine laughed scornfully. "You might just as well have let me look," she said, "for I have guessed!"

The Stranger turned back and looked at her quizzically.

"That," he said, "is something likely to happen to any author. I like to keep people guessing. Sometimes they guess wrong."

And the Heroine (who was, I may whisper, disappointed in love) had not even the poor satisfaction of having the last word.

FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL.

## The Same Old Game.

Does this recall anyone to Toronto hosts? It sounds familiar.

A naval commander recently on the Cape station had a habit of fastening himself on people so long as he could manage it he did not mind how much inconvenience he caused. Once upon a time, one of the "Aides" at Government House, discussing a dance which was coming off there the following week, said to our gallant naval friend, "Of course you will come up from Simon's Town for the dance. Don't bother about going to a hotel; I can give you a shake-down."

The evening of the dance came round, and Captain ——— turned up in time for dinner. He was provided with a bed, and after breakfast next morning made no sign of leaving. He remained to lunch, and, behold, even at dinner he was not absent. The next day came and went, and the next, and the next, and still the guest remained. The poor aide-de-camp was looking the picture of misery, and the little comedy being played at Government House was anxiously watched by quite a number of people who had somehow got wind of the affair. At last a delicate hint was given to the distracted "Aide," that Government House was not exactly an hotel, and, of course, he had then to ask Captain ——— to move on. This the gallant sailor did, but only to betake himself to the "Aide's" mess at Wynberg Camp!

NITA.

## Assisting Nature.

"What are all these people along the shore and in boats doing?" asked the maiden in the pale blue taffeta shirt waist, on the Munro Park car.

"They seem to be dragging the river," replied the interested masculine observer.

"Good land! Does the river run so slow that it has to be pulled along?"





## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

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## Anecdotal.

In a humble home in Lancashire an old man lay dying. His wife was tending something cooking over the fire, and the old man, after smiling ostentatiously, remarked: "That's a grand old man, lass." "Ay," she replied, "but it's no use for thee, lad; it's them for thy buryin'."

A pretty story is told among narratives of farewells to Lady Roberts on her departure for the Cape. One of the friends going to see her off is the mother of a youth who recently succeeded to a dukedom and forthwith went out to the war. "I am so glad," she said, "that Lord Roberts has put the duke on his staff." "Yes," said Lady Roberts, "they are a very mixed lot."

Lord Morris, of the Irish Bench, whose procedure is more noted for wit than for judicial dignity, was once trying a case at Coleraine, in which damages were claimed from a veterinary surgeon for having poisoned a valuable horse. The issue depended upon whether a certain number of grains of a particular drug could be safely administered to the animal. A dispensary doctor proved that he had often given eight grains to a man, from which it was to be inferred that twelve for a horse was not excessive.

"Never mind your eight grains, doctor," said the Judge. "We all know that some poisons are cumulative in effect, and ye may go to the edge of ruin with impunity. But tell me this: The twelve grains—wouldn't they kill the devil himself if he swallowed them?"

The doctor was annoyed and pompously replied: "I don't know, My Lord; I never had him for a patient."

From the Bench came the answer: "Ah, no, doctor, ye never had, more's the pity. The old boy's still alive."

A capital story is told of Lord Charles Beresford, who has all the wit of the Irish. If the story is not true it is good, and that is the main thing about it after all. It is said that when Lord Charles was with the Naval Brigade in the Sudan his tars were accommodated on the backs of camels. Now, Jack, when ashore, cannot get away from his nautical terms, and when travelling the camels went in "line ahead," and strung out across the desert like a circus procession. Travelling, however, was mainly by night, and before the moon rose it was rather difficult to keep the line. So

Jack begged their commander to allow them to hang a light on either side of the leading camel, and obtaining permission soon had port and starboard lights in position, and were consequently happy. But one night a camel went astray, and the petty officer of the watch reported to Lord Charles, who was snatching a short sleep, "No. 4 camel's broken her moorings, sir." "All right," replied Lord Charles, drowsily, "lower a boat and fetch the beggar back."

Here is an amusing episode in connection with Li Hung Chang's visit to Europe in 1896. The Chinese Chancellor, out of respect to General Gordon, had placed a wreath at the foot of his monument in Trafalgar square. The Gordon family were much touched by this homage, and wished to find some means of reciprocating. In vain they coddled their brains for a suitable present, until a nephew of Gordon, a great lover of dogs, was suddenly struck with the idea of presenting to Li Hung Chang a remarkable prize bulldog, of which he was the owner. It was sent to Li Hung Chang just as he was embarking on his return to China. Some months later came the following acknowledgment: "I was much touched by the splendid present you have been good enough to make me; the beast was magnificent. Unfortunately, my digestion is not equal to such a delicacy, but my suite enjoyed it very much."

Some years ago, while a certain regiment was quartered at Halifax, they had among them an expert gymnast who taught his brother soldiers how to walk across the barrack-room on their hands. While thus engaged one evening the door opened, and the Colonel, a stern disciplinarian, entered the room, gazed attentively at the inverted company, shook his head gravely, and, to the surprise of the hilarious soldiers, departed without uttering a word. Extra parade duty was the least punishment expected for this breach of discipline. Some days passed, however, and no notice being taken it was thought an apology and an explanation should be offered by the prime instigator of these unsoldier-like movements. A reference being made to the memorial night, the Colonel amazed the intending apologist by exclaiming: "Hush, my dear fellow, I would not let anybody know for the world! The fact is, my boy, I had been dining out with an old brother officer, who served with me in India, and, upon my word, I had no idea the wine could have had such an effect upon me; for when I glanced in to see if you were all right in your quarters, I could have sworn that I saw you all upside down!" When the young lieutenant explained the interview, confidentially, of course, to his brother officers—well, their feelings may be imagined.

## A Woman's Face

Plainly Indicates the Condition of Her Health.

Beauty Disappears When the Eyes Are Dull, the Skin Sallow, and Wrinkles Begin to Appear—How One Woman Regained Health and Comeliness.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwards, but it is nevertheless these constant little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. The effect may be noticed in sick or nervous headaches, flicking appetite, a feeling of constant weariness, pains in the back and loins, or in a sallow complexion, and the coming of wrinkles, which every woman who desires comeliness dreads. To those thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure; a restoration of color to the cheeks, brightness to the eye, a healthy appetite, and a sense of freedom from weariness.

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The condition indicated in Mrs. Polier's case shows that the blood and nerves needed attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted to cure the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Through the use of these pills the blood is enriched, the nerves made strong, and the rich glow of health brought back to pale and sallow cheeks. There would be less suffering if women would give these pills a fair trial. Sold by all



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dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## On Taking Offence.

Carless Girls and Carless Boys

There is something for a fight is popularly supposed to be a condition of mind largely Hilberian, which nothing but head-cracking and blood-letting by means of blackthorn applications will ameliorate. But there are numbers of persons not excusably Irish who belong to the same fraternity or sisterhood. They pose as being very sensitive, are apt to take offence before they take breath, to distort the just into the unjust, and to hug the thorn to their bosom which was only meant to adorn the stem of an admired rose. This makes them interesting company, volcanic, unexpected and sometimes decidedly startling. They may break out at any moment, one is never sure; everything may be going swimmingly and life seem rose color, when, suddenly, bang! and offence has been taken. Thunderclouds lower, lightning flash, everything erstwhile so peaceful is chaos. The friends of the sensitive and resentful one get a habit of going warily, one eye on the storm signals. It doesn't seem to occur to anyone to take no notice, the only cure!

I have several letters this week which should be kept until the depth of winter, they are so smoking hot. One is from "Mater," in a great stew about the girls of Toronto who don't behave properly when they are outside the parental range of vision. Mater has been watching them, on the front seat of the street cars, where they crowd in, to the silent disgust of the portly motorman, and the joy of the half-baked boys already in possession; on the ferries, where their deportment savors more of the kitchen garden than of the select parterre in which they have been planted and trained; at the Island, where they loiter after the last boat has gone and compel their hapless if adoring escorts (half-baked as aforesaid) to paddle them home. Mater gives names and dates, some of which aren't so remote or unfamiliar as you and I, who admire young folks, would like to have them. But the penny post and its burden is what Mater is especially set against. "I have had a girl guest who knew no one at all here three weeks ago, and her mail matter in local letters now outnumbered that of our whole family, and she scribbles for hours after bedtime, her letters to Mr. Johnnie This and Mr. Will That, and as for the telephone, it rings without ceasing, and 'Oh, don't you? Say, now, oh, I never did.' Is the burden of the conversation we hear every five minutes while that girl is in the house. I shall be very glad when her mother returns and takes her home again. I've had enough of the overdone girl and her half-baked squad of awkward boys." I began to think Mater must have been entertaining a young female from "de Ward," but she says wrathfully, "This is an up-to-date society woman's young daughter, with Bowers manners and tenebrous house tastes." Oh, Mater, dear, now you must have suffered to be so bitter.

It is an aud wife's croak to say that girls were otherwise in former days—but certainly the rush and courage with which to-day's petticoat brigade carry off their captives wasn't quite so universal. The quiet, lady-like, reserved girl, whose mother has taught her the mistake of the cheapening process, is so rare that she becomes almost a curiosity. To be bright, to sparkle, or, if not smart enough, to be loud and startling, is the young girls' way these times. She openly laughs at the idea of going near her chaperone, boastingly assuring that wayward female that she'll not be any bother to her, she has "someone" to take her to the party, and "someone" to take her home any time between twelve and two. The chaperone may gasp and protest and refuse to be a dummy in this fashion, but if she does, the young girl calmly goes and secures a more complacent matron or goes without. In nine cases out of ten the chaperone knows no more of her charge's friends than of the Chinese war tactics; the young girl and her underdone boy, or older and more difficult-to-please beau, come when they're ready, and go when they like, home or elsewhere. God knows, if she doesn't. No girl has a right in a world where the male community is composed neither of angels nor St. Anthony's to fling away her protections and expect to play and not pay. That she does pay, of tenor than anyone suspects, is generally the secret of four people—her mother, the family doctor, "someone," and her startled self.

Another warm letter, demanding an answer in this column to one written a week ago, deals with the vagaries of some of the youths who patronize the dances given by the Island Aquatic Association. I did not answer the first letter, because I had not attended any dances where the disrobing act had begun. I met the writer of the letter on my way over to such a dance last week, and he said sarcastic things which I begged him to defer until I had formed my own judgment. Well, I saw the young people in their shirt sleeves dancing with young ladies who, while they didn't admire the dampness or general deshabille of their partners, put up with it, only for one presumable reason—that they were afraid to object. The only thing suggested to me by the spectacle of shirt sleeves was that of long, cool drinks served knowingly from behind a bar. If our young men like to suggest the festive and worthy concocter of gin-slugs and mint juleps—blen! that's just what they do. Not that I frequent bars—unfortunately, I'm not a sufficiently "good fellow" to do so—but one sees in a crowded city these cotton-clad visions loitering about doorways and has corresponding impressions. So much for the first glance; but when a fat boy deliberately removed his suspenders, feeling them doubtless the uncomfortable things they are, and when the nattiest of the lot became a sopping, reeking mass of honestly danced-out perspiration, repulsive to anyone with pretensions to refinement, I said to myself that the licensed papa who had written me and refused to allow his daughters to be at the dance, had a standard below which it wasn't advisable to fall. It isn't exactly creditable to a city of the size and advancement of Toronto to encourage a brand of costume suitable to the work of the hay field and the cricket lawn. The argument that girls wear cotton waists is all nonsense. Who ever saw a factory girl in a bodice fairly dripping wet? June is the month of the sign of the ram, and who does not wear several important garments under her shirt waist which render such a state impossible? LADY GAY.

## The Debutante.

Who has an arch and mirthful air,  
 Yet when her chaperone is near  
 Seems like an angel unaware?

The debutante.

Who loves to be extolled and fanned,  
 Yet blushes when you hold her hand  
 As if she didn't understand?

The debutante.

Who has a partner in advance  
 For every German, play and dance,  
 And slays a heart with every glance?

The debutante.

Who leaves a ball and German late,  
 And loves an alcove tea-a-tete,  
 And sees no serious side to Fate?

The debutante.

Who at the table takes her seat  
 In some grand banquet-hall complete  
 Yet is too delicate to eat?

The debutante.

Who welcomes with a rippling laugh  
 The many flattering toasts you quaff,  
 And finds in them more wit than chaff?

The debutante.

Who listens with a coy content  
 To words of love from warm hearts sent,  
 Yet tells you they were never meant?

The debutante.

Who is it makes the veteran sage,  
 Lugging "superfluous on the stage"  
 Of social life, forget his age?

The debutante.

Who is it has unbounded fun  
 And sleeps not till the rising sun,  
 With all of Cupid's work well done?

The debutante.

—WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

"With my arm around you you should fear nothing."

"Except gossip," she replied as she gently disengaged herself.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, except on postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Panelpa Penn.—You are, perhaps, a trifle too emphatic, and while very positive, you are not logical. Refinement and sharp, quick judgment are shown. You might be hard on a slinger, I fear. Cumulative will and purpose, with tenacity, would indicate that you don't lightly relinquish your designs, and, though enterprises and bread are not necessarily there is much cleverness and concentration. It should be a clever hand and also one of much thought and culture, but little repose, and a strongly pessimistic turn, liable to develop melancholy.

Querist.—Why should you vex your soul about the matter? If you believe, what is becoming an accepted fact, that the Chinese horror is, however unwittingly, the work of the religious proselytizers, certainly you should withdraw your contributions to Chinese missions. I can tell you of poverty, nakedness, profanity and filth not a stone's throw from where I am writing which ought to appeal to you for intelligent consideration. Why not interest yourself in the dark places and embryo fiends we have right here in Greater Toronto?

Etoussé.—Your writing is eminently that of a peace-lover. There is a very non-combatant turn about it, which is sweet and pleasant for your friends, but a little and snappy enough for your enemies. You have great appreciation, neat and business-like ways of working, enjoy what is called "surroundings" and have certainly talent, but not likely to develop it if you had more enterprise. You are at times condescending, with lapses of deep thought and tenaciousness and bitingly sarcastic. It is in some traits such a charming hand that I hesitate to criticize it. You think logically, persistently and have a very fair judgment. Adaptability is well shown; also honor.

Dinah Shadd.—The Boer women very likely did fight here and there. They were tough females in a dispute. How could I not seem or hear from a Tommy who shot any of 'em. I am quite distressed to think how you and Scotch Lassie Jean got sidetracked. I have kind memories of your pretty town. Has Mum come back, God bless him? Perhaps he's just home with you to-day? 2. You are refined, discreet, logical, and a little distrustful of yourself and of making plans. You are bright, progressive and capable well with a lot more training and culture, which would have made you less receptive and clever folks. Don't try to write brogue—unless you know it first. It's itself that's been thinking! never was said in Ireland.

Ingomar II.—You are honest, painstaking, deliberate and matter-of-fact. Your will is light, your method excellent, and your regard for appearance a decided asset. Good temper and even judgment are yours. Your nature has not yet been stirred by the unrest of emotional experience. Nice kid! Wish more were like you!

A Gooseberry.—If you had wished me to tell you whether your writing has changed or not you should have sent me your study of some time ago. How on earth can you expect me to recall it and compare it? And anyway I haven't time to do that. June is the month of change. The sign ruling its children is Gemini, the Twins, and very often the two minds of "Pastor and Polux" clash, or even produce uneasiness and indecision of purpose. The element of the month is air—hard to bind or to concentrate. Nothing, however, is impossible to the earnest reader after a little rest. Even the restless June children can get the two minds on one purpose and secure double force. Your writing does not suggest a very advanced development nor any great enterprise or receptivity. The stone for June is the aquamarine.

Mida.—Indeed, it more than did. Your writing is not developed far. It is varying impulse and erratic but bright thought. You are very discreet and your tongue will never bring you into trouble. Your temper is fair and you are capable of warm feeling. I am in like case this breeding day, so no more at present.

Buden-Powell.—I. Not much lack of nerve about you, is there? But June's Mafeking was still being celebrated in song and story when you wrote. By the way, you should get the little hero's new book—"Spot in War." I think it is the name of it. Short stories he has just had collected and published. They are very good reading. 2. It is no trouble to study your writing—that's my business, and what I have got to do. I always make it a point of liking to do. The philosophy of enjoying your work! That is the only recipe I know of to make one "always bright," which, indeed, I am not, in spite of what you kindly say. You are yours a cheerful and strong character, and yet in process of evolution; impulsive, rather generous, but not in the least ambitious—a strong foundation for a good study when you've grown a bit older.

Daphne.—Thou hast set before me a hard matter! Would you do better as a "standby" to an invalid mother and several brothers or as a suitable companion to a poor lone minister? What sort of a minister—pastor or cabinet? If the former, do you let him be lonely, Adam was the only man who had a positive claim on any particular woman for society, for Eve could not say "There are others." If I had the seven brothers to boss I'd not give up my job for a parish, and I have my doubts if I would for a Cabinet Minister, though the two are the poles of my experience. I cannot tell you your fate in life, my dear, but you're a September woman and so am I, and if there's anyone alive who needs a prop we've got a natural-born props and mothers of the whole creation.

Molly G.—You have a smart and well-set-up character, slightly imprudent, with some enterprise and a generally bright and self-reliant nature. You talk a good deal and might sometimes find difficulty in keeping a secret. A little touch of selfishness and some conservatism show in your lines.

Buttercup Girl.—When I was your age I adored Miss Abbott, but I did not send my writing to a graphologist, and a good thing I didn't, for, like you, I was a rather crude kid and would have been put in the W.P.B., where you're going in half a minute. You've a splendid foundation for a noble, generous, truthful and honorable character. All the natural good solid traits show in your study.

Shorthand, Ottawa.—If I haven't done you already, I have done your twin sister. You are ladylike, refined and have

some culture, excellent taste and a conservative and rather ambitious mind. You are orderly, neat and systematic, level-headed, tenacious and perceptive. A nice lot.

Moss Rose, Toronto.—Oh, dear, an only daughter, and wanting to get out into the world and see if there is anything for you to do? My dear child, there ought to be plenty for you to do at home; is there no mother, no father, no home, no big or little brothers? I think it is growing pathetic to hear constitutionally cry from our girls, but when it comes from an only daughter I rise in meeting and say for shame. Believe me, there is happiness in the home life, and if you have good stuff in you you will redeem it from dullness. If you've been four times disappointed in love I should think, like the eels being skinned, you'd be used to it. No one's face need be homely these days—features can be altered if they are too awful, and the expression we can, thank heaven, make as lovely as we care to. Your good education hasn't been success in the writing line, as your style is not at all commendable. I can't dissect it.

Hertha.—It's just as well you cautioned me! I should probably have mentioned it. The two dates given do not come really under the same influence, the later one being the beginning of the next month's influence, according to the constitution. I should prefer the man to be some five years the elder, but it's altogether an open question, and difference of temperament, education and constitution all count. 2. You are bright, friendly, fanciful and apt to be discursive, with rather a light and airy way, though capable of deep thought and feeling. You are practical, but a bit fickle, and your judgment is not always quite even, but you are full of magnetism and a breezy, bright vitality—a very charming if not a very forceful nature—essentially feminine and of considerable refinement.

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### Social and Personal.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McNab, Waterloo street, Stratford, was the scene of an early morning wedding when, at 7 a. m., August 25th, their only daughter, Janet, was married to Mr. James C. Makins, one of the city's most promising young barristers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. David Williams, M.A., rector of St. James' Church, amid tasteful decorations of clematis and golden rod, the work of Miss Johnson of Galt. The bride was attired in cream brocade silk, with a veil of Brussels net. Her only ornament was a pearl crescent, the gift of the groom. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Lockyer of Owen Sound, as maid of honor. Miss Lockyer was dressed in white organdy, with picture hat of white chiffon, and wore a gold chain and friendship hearts, the gift of the groom. The bride carried a dainty shower bouquet of white asters and the maid of honor carried pink asters. The wedding march was played by Mr. Henry King. Mr. and Mrs. Makins went by morning train to Toronto, and will visit the Thousand Islands and New York. The bride's going-away gown was of snake green kente cloth, with blouse of green and white striped silk, and toque of chion straw to match. The young couple have a host of friends in the city, as was evidenced by the unusual number of presents.

A jolly party of Island young ladies, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Robert L. Patterson, reached home on Tuesday, after a delightful outing on the upper lakes, going via Niagara Falls and Buffalo, the party left Cleveland on the palace steamer Pittsburg, which sails all through the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay and the North Channel, calling at Sault Ste. Marie. The steamer passes through both the Canadian and United States locks, thus affording the passengers a good opportunity to see the large power canal and commercial enterprises which are making the Canadian Soo a manufacturing center. Each of the party seemed anxious to take the trip again, and, judging from their loud praises of the Pittsburg and her genial officers, they must have had a most enjoyable holiday.

Mrs. F. H. Herbert of Berkeley street, and her two children, Master Willie and Miss Violet, will return next week from their summer vacation at Muskoka, to make preparations for moving into that charming new residence in South Drive, Rosedale, which is about finished. Mrs. Herbert will not receive until October.

A pretty home wedding took place on Wednesday, August 29, at the residence of the bride's parents, 83 Hayden street, at 12 o'clock, when Miss Flossie Bonsall, youngest daughter of Mr. W. P. Bonsall, was married to Mr. Arthur E. Hessin, son of the late Mr. William Hessin, by Rev. William Hinks of this city, in the presence of many of the friends of the bride and groom. The bride was attired in white brocade, with Renaissance lace bolero, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bride was given away by her father. The bridesmaid was Miss Bessie Bonsall. Mr. Sidney Hessin was groomsmen and Miss Apple Cassidy was maid of honor. Miss Mae Dick played the wedding march. The happy bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hessin left for a trip to the Eastern States on the 2 o'clock boat.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook and Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacDonald have returned from a summer at French River. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, of Dowling avenue, have returned from their summer sojourn.

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Mrs. Harris is a sister of Mr. Wyatt, and was until recently a resident of Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann went to Rochester for a few days on Thursday. Mrs. Wallbridge has been visiting in Belleville. Professor and Mrs. Cody and Professor and Mrs. Wrong are home from their summer holidays. Mr. H. Nelles, of the Molson's Bank, has been visiting his people in London, Ont. Mr. Godfrey, of Atlanta, Ga., came up to Toronto this week.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, whom the stork visited on Monday last, leaving them a fine little daughter. And the good bird called also on Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Murray, a few doors further on, in Bedford road, and left a bouncing boy, a welcome son and heir, a Sunday bairn, with all the good luck following.

At the death of Major John A. Donaldson, one of the old-time Irish gentlemen of Toronto's young days passed away, last Monday. Major Donaldson was a typical Irish squire, a keen huntsman, and a fine man. His widow, daughter and sons have the kindly sympathy of hosts of friends who esteem this very good old family. Erin Lodge, the home of the Donaldson family, in Dundas street, was in its time a center of truly Hibernian hospitality. There still reside Mrs. and Miss Donaldson to welcome their old friends as warmly as ever.

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## MUSIC



**M**R. TORRINGTON has laid out for himself a comprehensive scheme of selections for this season's work. At Christmas he intends to give a performance of the Messiah, and later an oratorio from Handel's Judas Macabbeus, Athalia, and Gideon. In the summer of 1900, he will give a performance of the Messiah, and later an oratorio from Handel's Judas Macabbeus, Athalia, and Gideon. In the summer of 1900, he will give a performance of the Messiah, and later an oratorio from Handel's Judas Macabbeus, Athalia, and Gideon.

The reorganized Metropolitan Choral Society commenced rehearsals about the middle of September. The repertoire for the first concert has been selected and promises to be the most interesting and varied yet given by the society. The works chosen include Mendelssohn's fine Thelwell Psalm for contralto solo and chorus, which, with its splendid tenor chorales, is one of the most effective choral compositions handed down by Mendelssohn. Tschakovsky's great motet for double choir, "The Song of David," is also a masterpiece. The works chosen include Mendelssohn's fine Thelwell Psalm for contralto solo and chorus, which, with its splendid tenor chorales, is one of the most effective choral compositions handed down by Mendelssohn.

The Kaitern Orchestra at New York has been meeting with excellent success this summer, and is being spoken of as a factor in the winter season now approaching. Mr. Kaitern has made great improvement in his conducting since last year.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, who returned to town last week from his European tour, reports that he and his traveling companion, Dr. Edward Fisher, had a very enjoyable and interesting trip. While in London Mr. Vogt attended the performance of Faust at Covent Garden and was greatly delighted with the production. The principals at Covent Garden, as at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, are of the most famous among the great singers of the world. The orchestra, generally speaking, was found to be of excellent material, and the stage equipment was splendid. The musical score in London, having come to an end before Mr. Vogt's arrival, nothing important in the concert line took place. There was a band tournament at the Crystal Palace, in which fifty bands took part. Sir Arthur Sullivan and the veteran August Manns were the conductors of the contest programme. A performance of the massed bands of God Save the Queen, Mr. Vogt relates, under Sir Arthur's baton, ended in disaster due to a misunderstanding. The London papers described the bedlam ensuing as something inconceivable. In Holland there was not much of interest musically, and Messrs. Vogt and Fisher made a very short stay there. At Bonn the Beethoven house was visited, as also the museum, with its interesting collection of manuscripts of Beethoven's greatest works, his old pianos, engravings, personal letters, etc. In Stuttgart Strauss's band was heard. The American organization was given a flattering reception in the general capital of Wurttemberg. Herbert Clarke, an old Toronto boy, the cornet soloist of the band, received an immense ovation. In conversation with Mr. Vogt after the concert, Mr. Clarke expressed his intention of making Toronto, after a few years, his permanent home, and doing his share in developing the musical resources of the city which he has not ceased to regard as his own. In Munich and Oberammergau there was much of interest musically, despite the summer season. Salzburg, a most beautifully situated place, was visited because of its Mozart museum and its reminiscences generally. Vienna, with its memories of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, and others, proved a delightful city. The Austrian Tyrol, Switzerland and France, winding up at Paris, with its great Exposition, completed a very enjoyable tour. When passing through the English Channel the vessel carrying our tourists passed through the Channel squadron manœuvring, and gave them the opportunity of witnessing a magnificent and most impressive spectacle. At Cherbourg they had a sight of forty French war vessels similarly occupied. Mr. Vogt will resume his

teaching at the Conservatory of Music early next week, and with his Mendelssohn Choir rehearsals and church work expects to be a very busy man.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp is back from his vacation in Prince Edward Island and will resume teaching in September. Mr. Tripp was gratified while away by receiving two flattering offers. One was that of the post of manager of an important Eastern Conservatory of Music, and the other was an invitation from the late Mr. Gottschalk, the well-known impresario, some weeks before he died, to give a series of piano recitals in the principal cities of the States.

The Hamilton Evening "Times" of August 27th says: "Miss Jessie McNab, of Toronto, sang The Holy City (Adams, at St. Patrick's Church last night) and created a most favorable impression. Miss McNab is a young mezzo-soprano whose singing is marked by culture, power and sweetness."

The Metropolitan School of Music, Mr. W. O. Forsyth director, has just issued a handsome prospectus for the season of 1900-1901. This gives in concise form much information regarding the various educational departments, and it can be obtained gratuitously by those who contemplate entering upon musical or elocutionary study. From the introductory announcement it is clear that the Metropolitan School of Music made remarkable strides in public estimation and material matters during the season ending last June, and the new enlarged teaching facilities of the institution indicate that the Board of Directors have felt the necessity of providing to an elaborate extent for greatly increased public attention during the scholastic year now opening.

Mr. E. W. Schuch, the popular vocal teacher, announces the resumption of his work on Thursday next. Mr. Schuch's many successes make his services very much in demand, and he is marking a very heavy "slate" for the approaching season.

Miss Ethel Shepherd, vocal teacher at Dallas College, Texas, sang Nelly's Hymn of God at the special service at the Church of the Redeemer on Sunday evening last. Her voice has gained in richness and sympathetic quality, and her rendering of this beautiful song was marked by warmth of expression and beautiful, bright tone.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison has returned from his summer vacation at Stony Lake. During his absence Mr. Fred. Pease, pupil of Mr. Harrison, has been officiating with much success at the organ at St. Simon's Church. Mr. Harrison will resume work at the Conservatory next week.

So far Manager Shepard has announced only two musical attractions for the season, namely, The Runaway Girl and Julian Edwards' pretty comic opera, Princess Chic. But no doubt additional musical engagements will be made later on.

The alterations to be made at the Covent Garden Opera House, London, will cost \$100,000. The addition to the space of the auditorium by the cutting away of the abutting part of the stage will, however, make a difference in the receipts of at least \$1,500 a week.

The use of a harpsichord in the forthcoming London production of Nell Gwynne is well warranted. Handel's harpsichord, by Ruckert, with its quaint painting of a concert of monkeys, now in the South Kensington Museum, is dated 1651. Harpsichords were, in fact, mentioned in the Rules of the Minstrelsy as far back as the commencement of the fifteenth century, and they continued to be made by both Broadway and Kirkman down to about 180 years ago. Among the tunes of Charles II.'s time is Yankee Doodle, for the air, Lady Locket Lost Her Pocket, upon which it is based, dates back to the Restoration. My Lady Greenleeves, which Miss St. John introduced into a comic opera some years since, is older, although in Nell Gwynne's time it was a popular cavalier song, as sung to the satirical words, Old Nell, the Brever of Huntingdon.

Her Strauss' tour of the United States and Canada will commence October 20th.

London "Truth" has an article bewailing the neglect with which opera in English is treated in the metropolis. It points out that it is only in England that the native language is tabooed for opera. "At one time," the writer continues, "there was a reason for it, inasmuch as none of the leading artists spoke English, while they all understood Italian. But nowadays the greatest of our singers are either British or American, or understand English perfectly well. But it is not at all a question of fashion, and is no attempt to interest the aristocratic and wealthy classes in 'Poor Miss English Opera,' as she was once called by Davidson of the 'Times,' seems to succeed. So opera in English is practically banished to the provinces and the colonies. In the United States English opera has always had a much better chance from the days of Mme. Parepa and Miss Emma Abbott to those of the Boston Ideals and Castle Garden. Mr. Maurice Grau is now organizing an English opera scheme upon more ambitious lines and on a broader basis than is attempted in England. His season will open at the

Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on October 1st, and will last sixteen weeks; the repertoire, besides the stock grand operas, likewise comprising revivals upon an elaborate scale of such light operas as Pinafore, and the Mikado, Martha and the Bohemian Girl. The American company will include altogether something like two hundred singers, while there will be an orchestra of at least forty, augmented for the Wagner operas by sixty players. Miss Strakosch, Miss De Blaud, together with Miss Minnie Tracey and Miss Mary, all singers of repute, will appear. In Australia there also seems to be a revived and strong feeling in favor of English opera, and a new company, consisting of the Carl Rosa and other artists, will give productions in the principal cities all through the winter."

The Philharmonic Society of London appears to be in a bad way. Upon the seven concerts of the last season there was a loss of £275, although at two of them Paderewski and Rosenzweig played, and other distinguished singers and artists appeared during the season. One reason given for the deficit is that the directors persist in giving their concerts on Thursday, a night inconvenient to everybody. It is said that they presented a diamond necklace as a wedding present to Miss Clara Butt. A critic caustically remarks: "If a party of middle-aged gentlemen like the directors of the Philharmonic Society make presents of diamonds to young and charming ladies, somebody, of course, has to pay for it."

Attention is called to Mr. Rechab Tandy's professional card in another column. Mr. Tandy has been absent during the past two months directing the musical department at Grimsby Park, but resumes his teaching at the Conservatory of Music on Monday, September 3rd, where he can be consulted by those desiring to study voice culture and artistic singing under his experienced and practical methods.

CHERUBINO.

## Where Hell's System Fell Down

**A**CERTAIN theatrical manager has been telling the following piece of history: "I once engaged a heavy man who bore the name of Augustus Hell. Augustus Hell was no bad actor as compared with the other members of my supporting company. He dressed well on and off. But Augustus Hell was the inventor and sole user of a memory system. When Augustus studied a certain role he drank a certain liquor. When he wished to play that role he drank the same liquor, and without any mental exertion whatever he would be better perfect. In theory the system was founded upon scientific facts, so Augustus said, and in practice it never failed."

"Our leading lady celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday at a country town, and we offered her a lunch. We had an elaborate menu, and a bowl of punch brewed by our first old maid. That punch contained a sample of every liquor found in the town, yet it tasted as mild as unfermented grape juice."

"Augustus Hell drank deep and radiated brilliantly in five conversational directions. We rose from the table just in time to reach the theater before the hour set for the evening performance."

"Before ten lines had been spoken the local manager wanted to book us for another week. And then Augustus Hell made his entrance. He never looked better, he never walked so gracefully. He spoke his opening lines vigorously, splendidly—but they were not his lines. The Silver King. They were lines from his role in The Lady of Lyons. The leading juvenile, true to the habits of his kind, caught the cue and continued The Lady of Lyons. The juvenile followed suit. And then it came Augustus Hell's turn again. By that time another of the ingredients of the punch had gained mastery in his brain, and he delivered a speech from A Texas Steer. That brought on the low comedian—a Texas Steer held the boards for ten minutes, introducing the full strength of the company, and then Augustus led us into She Stoops to Conquer, with a few well-chosen speeches from which we closed the act."

"The effect upon the people in front was electrifying. They dared not hiss—to laugh they were afraid. The house-manager came back rampant. Then I had an inspiration. I stepped before the curtain and said to the wide-eyed multitude: Ladies and gentlemen, citizens of beautiful Bumbleford, I have, in the interests of art, practised a deception upon you. The drama that we are presenting to-night is not The Silver King. (Great relief and applause.) Having observed, since my arrival here this morning, the culture and refinement of this London of the North, I decided at the last moment to produce here, for the first time, the latest and greatest modern psychological drama by the master playwright, Ibsen."

"The applause was deafening. The ladies of the Bumbleford Literary Club wept tears of joy. Augustus Hell carried the piece through a second and third act in the manner of the first. My only fear was that the effect of the punch would wear off. It did not. We followed his lead through extracts from fourteen plays, and brought down the final curtain with an adaptation of the tomb scene from Romeo and Juliet. At the close of the performance Augustus Hell was elected honorary president of the Bumbleford Literary Club, and after securing, with small difficulty, his release from me, he signed a contract with the club to deliver a course of ten lectures upon symbolism and mysticism."

## A Head-Full of Bullets.

The gravity of the London (Eng.) Season was shaken the other day by the story of a would-be suicide and a cheap revolver. These were the odd facts of the case. Summoned to a greengrocer's shop at Hoxton, a constable found a man named Frank sitting in a chair with five bullets—the full contents of a revolver—in his head, yet apparently in a full possession of his senses, and troubled mainly with a regret that he had failed to "finish the job."

At St. Bartholomew's Hospital the bullets were taken out one by one, and, though Frank was kept subsequently under supervision at Holloway, no indications could be seen suggesting insanity. To satisfy the curiosity of the judge a surgeon said the man's escape was probably due to the cheapness of the revolver and the softness of the bullets. It is possible that the small mortality in French and Italian duels is traceable to the use of the same class of wholly innocuous weapons.

## Taking Long Chances.

Foolish election bets seldom afford such delightful opportunities to demonstrate their folly as a wager recently made by two Western men, one of whom has agreed that if his candidate is defeated he will twist the tail of a vicious mule belonging to the other man once a day for three weeks, "or until incapacitated." Doubtless the mule who is made a "factor" in the bet is not an offensive partisan. He may not even be interested in politics at all; but if the terms of the wager are fulfilled, he will probably see to it that the man who twists his tail does not vote any more.

Miss Greeneye—Miss Long has a neck that would be a credit to a giraffe. Jack Smart—Yes; she's the envy of all the women who own pearl collarettes.

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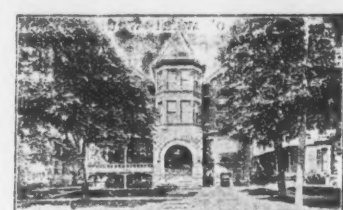
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### Social and Personal.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McNab, Waterloo street, Stratford, was the scene of an early morning wedding when, at 7 a. m., August 25th, their only daughter, Janet, was married to Mr. James C. Makins, one of the city's most promising young barristers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. David Williams, M.A., rector of St. James' Church, amid tasteful decorations of clematis and golden rod, the work of Miss Johnson of Galt. The bride was attired in cream broadcloth silk, with a veil of Brussels net. Her only ornament was a pearl crescent, the gift of the groom. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Lockyer of Owen Sound, as maid of honor. Miss Lockyer was dressed in white organdy, with picture hat of white chiffon, and wore a gold chain and friendship hearts, the gift of the groom. The bride carried a dainty shower bouquet of white asters and the maid of honor carried pink asters. The wedding march was played by Mr. Henry King. Mr. and Mrs. Makins went by morning train to Toronto, and will visit the Thousand Islands and New York. The bride's going-away gown was of snake green kente cloth, with blouse of green and white striped silk, and toque of chamois straw to match. The young couple have a host of friends in the city, as was evidenced by the unusual number of presents.

A jolly party of Island young ladies, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Robert L. Patterson, reached home on Tuesday, after a delightful outing on the upper lakes, going via Niagara Falls and Buffalo, the party left Cleveland on the palace steamer Pittsburg, which sails all through the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay and the North Channel, calling at Sault Ste. Marie. The steamer passes through both the Canadian and United States locks, thus affording the passengers a good opportunity to see the large power canal and commercial enterprises which are making the Canadian Soo a manufacturing center. Each of the party seemed anxious to take the trip again, and, judging from their loud praises of the Pittsburg and her genial officers, they must have had a most enjoyable holiday.

Mrs. F. H. Herbert of Berkeley street, and her two children, Master Willie and Miss Violet, will return next week from their summer vacation at Muskoka, to make preparations for moving into that charming new residence in South Drive, Rosedale, which is about finished. Mrs. Herbert will not receive until October.

A pretty home wedding took place on Wednesday, August 29, at the residence of the bride's parents, 83 Hayden street, at 12 o'clock, when Miss Flossie Bonsall, youngest daughter of Mr. W. P. Bonsall, was married to Mr. Arthur E. Hessin, son of the late Mr. William Hessin, by Rev. William Hinks of this city. In the presence of many of the friends of the bride and groom. The bride was attired in white brocade, with Renaissance lace bolero, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bride was given away by her father. The bridesmaid was Miss Bessie Bonsall. Mr. Sidney Hessin was groomsmen and Miss Apple Cassidy was maid of honor. Miss Mae Dwyer played the wedding march. The happy bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hessin left for a trip to the Eastern States on the 2 o'clock boat.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald have returned from a summer at French River. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, of Dowling avenue, have returned from their summer sojourn.

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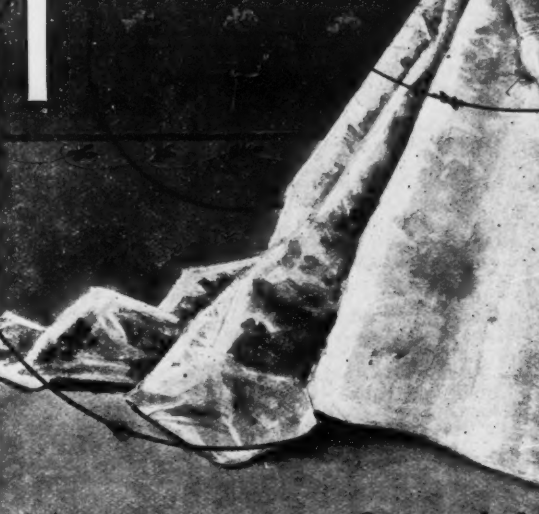
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Acrobats.

VIOLET DALE  
Comedienne.

Mrs. Harris is a sister of Mr. Wyatt, and was until recently a resident of Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann went to Rochester for a few days on Thursday. Mrs. Wallbridge has been visiting in Belleville. Professor and Mrs. Cody and Professor and Mrs. Wrong are home from their summer holidays. Mr. H. Nelles, of the Molson's Bank, has been visiting his people in London, Ont. Mr. Godfrey, of Atlanta, Ga., came up to Toronto this week.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, whom the stork visited on Monday last, leaving them a fine little daughter. And the good bird called also on Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Murray, a few doors further on, in Bedford road, and left a bouncing boy, a welcome son and heir, a Sunday bairn, with all the good luck following.

At the death of Major John A. Donaldson, one of the old-time Irish gentlemen of Toronto's young days passed away, last Monday. Major Don-

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Dr. and Mrs. Porter have returned from a trip to the Maritime Provinces.

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#### Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox left last night for New York, to meet their daughter, Miss Eola Lennox, who was been abroad.

The fairy-like lace gown of Tuesday's Island bride, the lovely tucked and lace-inserted frocks of her maids, as well as the dainty trousseau and going away frock, in which Mrs. Hulme looked so pretty, were made by Stitt's clever people.

On September 5 Miss Amy Seton

Thompson and Mr. Frederic Isenard Fox are to be married. Two of the prettiest brides of the year have chosen to be wedded from their Island homes. Miss Seton Thompson has a distinctively aristocratic style of beauty, like an old painting, but with the mirth and health of the young girl of today lending it vivid life.

Miss Hope Morgan and her sister have just arrived from London, England, to pay a visit to their parents, Judge and Mrs. Morgan of Lowther avenue. They purpose remaining until the end of October, when they leave again for London, as Miss Hope Morgan's winter engagements in concert, etc., begin in November.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre of Huron street have returned from Muskoka, after spending five or six weeks there.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bull have returned from a visit to Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Montague at their summer home on Lake Erie. Major and Mrs. Trotter have returned after a delightful trip to London and other places. Canon and Mrs. Sweeney have returned from Preston Springs. The Canon will occupy his pulpit to-morrow. Mr. W. O. Forsyth has returned from the sea shore in New Brunswick, where he spent several weeks. Miss Gray of Montreal accompanied by Miss Gladys Fraser, of Port Hope, is visiting friends in the city. Dr. and Mrs. W. Ogden and Mrs. (Dr.) Hay have returned from Muskoka, where they spent the summer. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Holmsted and Miss Holmsted are guests at the Chateau Bel Air, Isle of Orleans, Quebec. Judge and Mrs. McDougall and their family have returned from Windermere, Muskoka. Dr. W. R. Lang, the new professor of chemistry at Toronto University, and formerly assistant lecturer on chemistry in Glasgow University, has arrived in Toronto. Dr. Milligan, of St. Andrew's Church, has returned from Europe.

The stock company at the Princess is such an improvement on former aggregations that it has been a pleasure to critical people to hear them this week. They staged Boucicault's pretty play, The Jilt, most effectively, particularly fetching the audience by the grand stand scene at the races, and, altogether, they can be thoroughly recommended to the theatergoers who enjoy a clean, well-acted play. Miss O'Hara at times quite recalled the Irish lover of Sothorn, which, in Toronto, means a good deal. One lady enjoyed the play on Wednesday, occupying an upper box chair, whose arrival was noted by the gods with rapture. She was a large, sedate and very much disturbed tabby cat when the gallery greeted her.

Dr. Fred Steele, of Bracebridge, and

Miss Annie Spencer, of 212 McCaul street, daughter of Mr. Charles Spencer, were married in Bloor street Presbyterian Church by Rev. W. G. Wallace, assisted by Rev. Thomas Rogers, on Wednesday. The church was decorated. The bride, in a charmingly dainty gown of white organdie and lace, with veil and sweet pea flowers, was attended by two bridesmaids—Miss Jessie Steele, of Orillia, and Miss Emily Spencer—in white organdie over yellow slips, with black picture hats and nosegays of yellow roses. Dr. William Goldie was best man. Messrs. A. Franklin and P. Keep were ushers.

Mrs. Seymour left a snug little fortune to her daughter, Mrs. Van-koughnet, and her grand-daughter, beautiful Mrs. Machray, who, with her children, has made her home for some years with the deceased lady. Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Van-koughnet and Mr. Ward, of Port Hope, are the executors.

Mrs. Harton Walker, of Spadina avenue, and Miss Maude Dwight, of St. George street, have gone to Winnipeg, where they are the guests of Mrs. Morton Morse. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dwight accompanied Mrs. Walker and Miss Dwight to Sault Ste. Marie.

Rev. Father Hartley, of St. Matthias, has returned with his choristers from camping at Whitby, where they were the first to use Haydn's Park for that purpose. A number of pretty cottages are building in that beautiful lakeside summer resort the people of Whitby are developing.

One of the jolliest little theater parties in attendance at Shea's on the opening night was composed of the Misses Ireland, Miss Mabel Jackson, Miss Eastmure, Mr. Lester, Mr. Will Tozer, Mr. Harry J. Rea, Drs. Clarke and McPherson and others. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. J. P. McConnell, of Windsor.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam has not been in perfect health lately, and left this week for Europe, where he will spend the winter, after visiting friends in Paris and elsewhere. Several of his pupils from Canada and the States will join Mr. Haslam later on, and continue under his prized instruction. His departure is a loss artistically to Toronto, and many friends in social circles also regret the departure of this urbane and clever man.

Visitors and citizens who love to be clean, and correspondingly healthy, have been delighted with the new aspect of Cook's Turkish Baths. Especially have the ladies, whose fresh, bright complexions and dainty taste are intimately associated with these delightful baths, appreciated the brightness and prettiness of the marble walls and ceilings of the bath, steam and hot rooms. All snowy white, faintly lined with ciel blue, are these rooms, and the re-decoration is discussed and praised by the patrons with an interest only second to that they accord to their own homes. It is astonishing that so many have denied themselves the rightful and important privilege of the Turkish bath, which, when properly given by experts, is the crowning luxury of modern as it was of ancient refinement. Cook's masseurs are artists in the graceful work of soothing the kinks from rheumatic, overstrained, or only weary humanity.

A crowd of busy and earnest young women from all over the country, have had their eyes fastened upon marvelous patterns and wondrous fashions, and wings this week, for it has been the occasion of wholesale millinery openings, and among owners W. Guiding & Co. have taken their usual front place. The kid-crowned hats stuck me as the greatest novelty, but there are feather rosettes, beautiful water lilies of black feathers, and the cock's and crow's plumage, with huge crows holding conventions like daisies on the wide brims of modish hats which are all novelties. The busy little milliners from the country crowd about these things, scribbling in their notebooks indecipherable details which they may never decipher, gazing rapt in admiration at French and English wonders in headgear, or learning new French names of fabric or decoration. And some of the little milliners are so very pretty!

A very smart and jolly dance was that on Monday at the H.C.Y.C. The following were a few of those present: Mr. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wells, Miss Tuttle, Miss Decker, Mr. N. Wylie, Mrs. Pepler, Mr. Henry, Miss Seale, Mr. Thomas Watson, Dr. Thomson, Miss A. Peden, Miss Peden, Miss Boake, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cassels, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Lesslie, Mrs. Elliott, Miss Cassels, Mr. J. W. Bain, Mr. Sinclair, Miss E. Trees, Miss Hills, Miss Trees, Miss Dorothy Perram, Mr. Fred Hills, Miss Cowper, Miss Hargraff, Miss Marriot, Miss A. Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Gowans, Mrs. Fischer, Miss Rose, Miss Pearl Wilkes, Miss Elwood, Miss Keighley, Miss Emily Falconbridge, Mr. C. McLaughlin (yacht Trionyx, N.Y.), Miss Campbell, Miss Lowndes, Mr. Sandford Smith, Mr. Leckie, Mr. J. B. Noble, Miss Wallbridge, Mr. A. E. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hughes, Miss M. Beattie, Miss F. Beattie, Miss Marcon, Miss McKellar, Mr. Hewitt, Miss Bessie W. Clark, Miss Mary Reid, Miss Dyas, Miss P. Mills, Miss Mills, Mrs. Clements, Miss McConderell, Miss M. Perry, Miss Reynolds, Miss Sherriff, Mr. Perry, Miss Perry, Miss Hewitt, Mr. G. Lamont, Miss Edith Wilkes, Miss Katherine Shearer, Mr. B. Baldwin, Mr. B. Hughes, Mrs. A. L. Masey, Miss Ethel Hughes, Miss A. Young, Miss Lola Hughes, Miss J. Hughes, Miss B. Hughes, Mr. Alcott,

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##### Births.

Lee—On Aug. 27, the wife of W. T. J. Lee of a daughter.  
Heaton—Aug. 25, Goderich, Mrs. Ernest Heaton, a son.  
Kirkpatrick—Aug. 27, Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, a daughter.  
Murray—Aug. 26, Mrs. A. H. Murray, a son.  
Stowe—Aug. 24, Mrs. (Dr.) Frank J. Stowe, a son.  
Adam—Aug. 27, Mrs. G. G. Adam, a daughter.  
Regan—Aug. 6, at 27 Spadina avenue, the wife of P. Regan of a son.  
Baldwin—Aug. 18, Mrs. (Rev.) J. Macqueen Baldwin, a daughter.

##### Marriages.

Hesslin—Bonsall—At 83 Hayden street, Toronto, on Aug. 29, by Rev. William Hinks, Flossie Bonsall to Arthur E. Hesslin.  
Hulme—Jones—Aug. 28, Center Island, Herbert Donaldson Hulme of Dawson to Caroline Alice Jones.  
Gregory—Guest—Aug. 27, Robert Gregory to Mary Jane Guest.  
Strong—Kidd—Aug. 22, Harry A. Strong to Christina M. Kidd.

##### Deaths.

Ferguson—Aug. 24, Ottawa, Alexander Ferguson, Q.C., aged 48.  
Martin—Aug. 25, Mrs. John Martin, Jr. Meldrum—Aug. 26, Henry Meldrum, aged 77.  
Pirie—Aug. 26, Mrs. Charles N. Pirie, Slemin—Aug. 24, Charles Slemin, aged 70.  
Brooke—Mrs. Anne Brooke, aged 86.  
Donaldson—Aug. 25, John A. Donaldson, Boddington—Aug. 25, Emily Irene Boddington, aged 7.  
Pocock—Violet Pocock.  
Sutherland—Aug. 25, Angus W. Sutherland.  
Fraser—Aug. 23, Mrs. Wm. Barton Fraser, aged 44.  
Dean—Aug. 24, Wilfrid Dean, aged 3.  
Gordon—Aug. 23, Mrs. David Gordon.  
Henderson—Aug. 23, Mrs. John Henderson.  
Mennie—Ferguson, Aug. 24, Dr. J. G. Mennie, aged 45.  
Walsh—Aug. 22, John T. Walsh, aged 11 months.  
Beuthner—Aug. 23, Wm. Beuthner, aged 32.  
Nuttall—Sarah Nuttall, aged 14 months.  
Malloy—Aug. 22, Mathias B. Malloy, aged 54.

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